L. P. Fisher

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY. Room 21 ... San Francisco, Cal.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Subsequent insertions.....50
Regular advertisements, 1 column, per mo.....10 00
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Professional Cards, per month.....1 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion.....10
Subsequent insertions.....05

THOS. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,

WOODLAND, CAL.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Woodland, Cal.

Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

W. T. LUCAS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store, Main St. WOODLAND, CAL.

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E. L. PARRAMORE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at Elston & White's Drug Store. Residence, Fourth Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

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WOODLAND, CAL.

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All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, $40, that used to cost in San Francisco $100. jy19

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Office and residence, SUISUN. Will be in Winters one-fourth of his time. ap5

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

Office at Drug Store. WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

Prather & Holmes,

DENTISTS,

First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store,

WOODLAND, CAL.

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

B. DENNERY, Prop.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

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FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

WILKES BOOTH.

How the Assassin of Lincoln was Captured.

A reporter of the *Picayune* called at No. 392 Magazine street, and inquired if Capt. Edward P. Doherty resided there. The answer being returned in the affirmative, in another moment the reporter stood in the presence of a tall, powerfully built man, about forty years of age, ruddy and robust, with an intelligent countenance, and a clear, searching eye, who introduced himself as the person whom the reporter was in search of.

To the question as to whether Captain Doherty had any objections to relating for publication a full history of the pursuit and capture of Booth and Harrold, he replied that he had none at all and would be pleased to communicate everything in his power for that purpose.

The following are the facts as they were related by him:

The command of Brevet Brig. Gen. Nelson B. Sweitzer, consisting of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, was stationed at this time in Germantown, Va., with orders to be on the lookout, to watch the roads and pathways between the Potomac and the Rapidan.

The morning following the assination General Sweitzer received orders to detail a squadron of two companies of his command, with orders to proceed to Washington for the purpose of forming a funeral escort to the late President from the White House to the Capitol. After performing that service the squadron remained in Washington doing patrol and escort duty. On the afternoon of the 24th of April, about 3 o'clock, the command ing officer of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, who was then in Washington, received on order from General Hancock "to detail a reliable and discreet commissioned officer with 25 men, well mounted, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, with three days' rations." In accordance therewith, General Sweitzer detailed Captain Edward P. Doherty, of Company H, and authorized him to select 25 men from the command. The order, "Boots and saddles," was sounded, and the first 25 men mounted. were taken by him, Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of the company among the party, when the detachment proceeded down the avenue to Colonel Baker's headquarters, where Colonel Baker presented to Captain Doherty the photographs of J. Wilkes Booth, David Harrold, John H. Surratt and others implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln.

* * * * * *

Captain Doherty, with the remainder of his command, advanced along the main road toward the house, and to where the gate and the fences had been taken down, part entering through the gap in the fence. At the command, "Gallop!" the house and premises were surrounded, with no possibility of escape. On the approach of Captain Doherty to the door of the house, Mr. Garrett, Sr., appeared. During the conversation with Garrett, wherein he said that Booth and Harrold had left his house and gone to the woods the evening previous, one of the soldiers exclaimed: "Oh, Captain, I have found a man in the corn crib; here he is."

Captain Doherty asked the person arrested his name, when he replied, "Garrett." Captain Doherty then presented his pistol at Garrett (one of the sons) and said: "Where are those men that were here yesterday afternoon?" Garrett replied, "They went to the woods." Captain Doherty then inquired: "Where are they now? No parleying; answer quick." To which Garrett replied: "They are in the barn."

After they had designated the direction of the barn, Captain Doherty said to Sergeant Boston Corbett: "Dismount your men, detail a few to watch the house, and bring the remainder here." Captain Doherty then surrounded the barn with his men, and going to the front door, placed a lighted candle which he had held in his hand for some time near the front entrance of the barn, and in the vicinity of a large crack or opening.

Discovering the door to be locked, Captain Doherty demanded of Garrett the key, when he said his brother had it. In the meantime his brother had been found hiding in the orchard and delivered the key. Unlocking the door, Captain Doherty called upon those in the barn to come out and surrender, but no answer was made to this and subsequent frequent loud demands of a like character. Captain Doherty then passed among his sentinels, who surrounded the barn, when he was informed that whispering and the moving of hay had been heard from the inside.

Capt. Doherty then said: "If you don't come out I'll set fire to the building and burn you out." As there was no answer even to this, Capt. Doherty ordered Corporal Newgarten to pile some shavings and hay and set fire to it. While he was piling it up a voice said to the Corporal: "If you come back there I'll put a bullet through you." Captain Doherty, who was standing near Newgarten, then quietly ordered him to desist, and determined to wait till daylight before making further demonstrations.

At this time quite a long conversation took place between Capt. Doherty and J. Wilkes Booth, the former, after hearing the threat of the latter, called again for a surrender, when Booth replied, "Who do you take us for?" Captain Doherty responded: "It don't make any difference who I take you for; I'm going to arrest you." When Booth said: "Boys, fetch me a stretcher; another stain on our glorious banner."

Walking around the barn and returning near the door, Captain Doherty heard whispered conversation between Booth and Harrold from the inside. Booth then said aloud: "I am crippled and alone; give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at twenty-five paces and I will come out."

Captain Doherty replied: "I didn't come here to fight, but to capture you. I have fifty men here, and can do it."

There was then a dead silence for about five minutes, when Booth said in a very sarcastic tone of voice: "Oh, Captain, there's a man here wants to surrender awful bad."

Captain Doherty replied, "You had better do the same, and come out."

Booth said, "No, I have not made up my mind."

Captain Doherty, partially opening the door, then said, "Let him hand out his arms."

Booth replied, "He has no arms!"

Captain Doherty said, "I know exactly what you've got."

Booth replied, "I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you, gentlemen."

In the meantime Harrold had approached the door, when Captain Doherty said to him, "Let me see your hand," when Harrold put both hands through the door, and Captain Doherty seizing them, handed Harrold over to the corporal at the door.

While the conversation was going on, and as Captain Doherty was in the act of taking Harrold out of the front door, the barn had been fired in the rear by the detectives, who on the previous day had left the command on their own account, Captain Doherty having furnished them with four men, but the party had returned unsuccessful the evening previous.

The flames burst suddenly forth, Booth, who had left his position in the barn to the right of the opening referred to above, and raising his carbine pointed it in the direction of Harrold and Captain Doherty, when Sergeant Corbett, who was stationed at one of the openings in the barn to the left of Booth, observing the movement, leveled a large sized Colt's revolver at Booth and fired, intending to hit him in the arm for the purpose of disabling him, but the ball entered his neck, about one inch from the same point that Booth shot President Lincoln.

On hearing the shot, and being at the time ignorant of the movement or intentions of Booth, Captain Doherty supposed that he had shot himself rather than surrender, and when the officers rushed into the barn, and by the light of the burning building saw Booth with his carbine between his legs, one of his crutches having dropped, and Booth in the act of falling forward, when Captain Doherty caught him with both arms around the body and carried him outside the barn and laid him down; but the heat becoming too intense, Captain Doherty ordered him removed under the veranda of the Garrett mansion.

Soldiers were then dispatched in different directions for doctors, but only one Dr. Urquart, could be found; he arrived about 6 A. M., and after probing the wound pronounced it fatal, the ball having ranged upward; cutting a vital part.

From the time Booth was shot, 5 o'clock, to the time he expired, two hours later, he spoke but once, and that was to Capt. Doherty, shortly before 6 o'clock, when he said to him: "Hands!" Capt. Doherty lifted up his hands, when Booth looked at them for an instant, and shaking his head, exclaimed, "Useless, useless." A short time after this he became unconscious, and so remained until he expired.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A Prescription the Lawyer Didn't Take.

Up in New Hamphire is a well-known eccentric individual, selfconstituted curer of all ills; a sort of universal panacea, "body and soul, head, heart and conscience doctor," who, with all his eccentricities, has a fund of actual wit that is hard to beat. Not long ago the "doctor" was called upon the witness stand. The opposing counsel, who is said sometimes to "wet his whistle" with "liquor pizen," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured, in cross-examining him, to show him up a bit. The result will be appreciated.

"What is your business?" pompously inquired the counsel. "My business?" is to do what little good I can do to my fellow-men," modestly replied the doctor

"But that doesn't answer my question," gruffly remarked the counsel. "How do you spend your time?"

"Why, Squire, it takes about all my time to do what I said," remarked the doctor.

"But I want something more definite," stoutly demadedm the counsel. "How do you go about your business?"

"That depends upon circumstaces, according to the nature of the case," explained the doctor. "For instanca, if I were going to begin on *you*, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign a temperance pledge!"

The court roared, and the counsel as if convinced the doctor was pursuing a legitimate and respectable vocation, proceeded with the regular cross-examination.

An interesting story in connection with the new silver dollar has just come to light in Philadelphia. The secret has come out through the *Record* newpaper,s as to who the young lady was that sat to Mr. Morgan, the designer, as a model for the head which appears on the coin. Tho lady who has thus been raised to fame, and whose name will be chronicled in history, is Miss Anna W. Williams, residing with her widowed mother at 1023 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. In 1876, when Mr. Morgan was making designs for the coin, he was introduced to the lady by Thomas Eakins, a friend of the family. He desired to have a true representative of American beauty emblazoned upon the coin, and the pro file of Miss Williams appeared to him as the best approach to it he had seen. The lady who is of a very modest and retiring disposition, was induced to sit, and after four or five interviews, sufficient sketches had been secured to proceed with the work. The artist wrought up the face afterward to its present appearance, as it is shown upon the coin. It would be impossible to recognize in it any resemblance to Miss Williams. The Grecian nose and the delicate lips had their foundation in her features, but the full rounded chin resembles more that of the wife of Mr. Morgan. Miss Williams is a blonde and considered quite pretty. She is a teacher in the girl's department of the House of Refuge, and about 18 years of age. This sets at rest the nnmerous stories which have been circulation as to whom the face on the coin belongs to.

The sudden paleness which sometimes overspreads a young man,s face in church may be caused by quickened conscience, but the chances are that he has swallowed some tobacco juice.

The Brighter Land.

There is a land beyond the shades
  Of sunset beauty in the west,
A fairy land of graceful scenes,
  Where weary ones find endless rest.

The crimson light in sparkling rays
  Gleam on the flow'ry pathways there,
And all is bright with heavenly light
  In that angelic world so fair.

Thy gentle breeze in that weird land
  Makes music 'mong the trees and flowers.
While wanderers there rove in the groves,
  And sweetly flee the heavenly hours.

There are graceful hills in that bright world,
  Where seraphim go to watch and wait,
And beckon to the pilgrim here,
  To enter through the pearly gate.

They're gazing now toward the earth,
  Some gentle one that's young and fair
Has passed o'er life's fair, shining way,
  And now they bid her enter there.

Perchance the fair ones of that land
  Ere long will beckon us away,
To wander 'mong the flowers that bloom
  In that bright world of endless day.

Luck or Bravery?

Will you read about one of those apparently "God-forsaken" persons called tramps? If you will, perhaps I can convince you that they are not entirely devoid of that quality of bravery that often raises a man from a position of obscurity to that of a hero in one short hour.

I was born in 1850 in a small town in Massachusetts; my parents were religious, and very strict with their children, I being the eldest of four. I attended school until I was twelve years old, and had a very good education for a lad of that age.

About six weeks after my twelfth birthday a traveling circus came to town, and I, boy-like, was very badly stage-stricken. My father forbade my attendance, but I managed to elude his vigilance, and when the circus left the town at two o'clock the following morning, I occupied a seat with a driver on an animal wagon, engaged as an errand boy.

My duties were not heavy, and being a naturally active lad, in six months' time I was a tolerable acrobat, seeing which, the manager discharged me from errand work and placed me under the care of their tumblers and bare-back riders for a thorough education in that line.

In a year I was an expert, and received a regular salary as such, performing at each entertainment, and receiving my share of applause.

In all these months I had no tidings from home; I was satisfied that my stern father did not take any especial trouble to catch me, as he was one who often said "as they make their bed so must they lie;" but often my memory would revert to my dear mother, whom I truly loved, and when thinking as to how she would miss and grieve over me, I would almost wish myself back again with her.

For six years I traveled with this circus, and saved some money, as my salary was good and expenses light, and I always sent the larger part of my earnings to Chicago, where I had made arrangements with a banker to save it for me.

But, like most boys who are thrown on the world without a protector, I had contracted bad habits, and among them that of tippling. Twice I had been so much under the influence of liquor that I could not go through my part. After I had sobered up the second time the manager came to me and said,—

"My boy, you are going the downward road to ruin; you are destroying your prospects and unfitting yourself for your profession, and, much as I value your service, I am compelled to say that a repetition of last night's offense will cost you your position."

He was a kind and tender-hearted man, but I heeded not his advice, and the next day I kept twenty dollars from my salary to have a good time with, I thought, sending the balance by express to my banker.

Night found me utterly unable to dress, under an animal wagon, drunk, and the next day I was discharged, with only my wardrobe, a splendid one, and eleven dollars in money to call my own, within my reach.

When I became thoroughly sober, I found my wardrobe nicely packed in my strong trunk, and myself, dusty and dirty, in an Illinois town of three thousand inhabitants, alone and friendless. The manager had paid all bills, and I had nothing to do but follow my own inclinations.

I went to the express office and sent my trunk to Chicago in care of my banker and bought a ticket for that wicked city.

I had a few dollars left, and proceeded to get gloriously drunk, and somehow got into the train going to Indianapolis instead of Chicago, and, being too much intoxicated to know anything, I was taken to that city, the capital of Indiana, where I once more gained consciousness to find myself in jail, sentenced to sixty days' confinement on a charge of vagrancy.

How I managed to endure my incarceration I do not know, but at the end of my time I was turned out with a resolution never to touch whisky again.

I could not get employment, and was compelled to take my departure from the city on foot, going toward Chicago, where my money and clothes were. I walked to Lebanon that day, and for want of a better place slept in a barn, and, as it was warm weather, did not suffer from cold.

I awoke late the next morning, having slept soundly, on account of my unusual labor of the previous day, and going to a large white house that stood near, I asked if they would give me my breakfast; a young lady of eighteen or nineteen was called and the matter referred to her, when she said, very quickly, "No, sir!" and I turned away, sick at heart, to find coldness where warmth and charity would have found such a lovely habitation; for the young lady was surpassingly lovely.

I called at the next house, which proved to be inhabited by a colored family, and to my timid inquiry for something to eat received the answer,—

"Yes, honey, come right in! We's pore folks, and hain't got much to eat, but we'll divide it."

I entered the kitchen where I found a good-natured colored man nursing a little picaninny, that would reach up, and, locking its dusky fingers in his kinky beard, yell, "daddy! daddy!" until I was compelled to join with them in laughing at his antics.

A meal of sweet potatoes and cornbread was set on the table with plenty of nice butter, and a cup of warm coffee, to which I did ample justice.

When I had finished, I offered the colored woman the choice of my pocket-knife or my revolver in payment for my breakfast. I had saved only these from all my pocket pieces; both were splendid specimens of the cutler's and gunsmith's art, the pistol a genuine "Smith & Wesson," five shot, thirty-two caliber, and the knife a perfect beauty. But the good woman would take neither, saying my thanks, which I tendered in my most fervent language, were ample payment.

I started on my way thinking of a text the old minister in Massachusetts once preached from—"but the greatest of these is charity"—perhaps the first time I had thought of it in all my wanderings.

I trudged along the smooth gravel road, which ran parallel with the railroad, until I was about half way between Lebanon and Thorntown, when I sat down under a tree by the roadside to rest. The road was straight for a mile in the direction from which I had come, and while sitting under the tree and looking back over the dusty road I saw a carriage approaching. I was in no hurry, and sat still, thinking perhaps, I might get a lift.

As the carriage approached to within a quarter of a mile of me I saw it was drawn by two fine horses, apparently in good spirits, and driven by a portly old gentleman of about fifty, while an elegant young lady occupied the back seat; in her I instantly recognized the girl who had refused me food that morning.

At almost the instant of my recognition, a hog suddenly bounded from a fence corner, snorting and bellowing as only a startled hog can, and the horses, taking fright, started to run; the old gentleman, who was partly turned in his seat speaking to the lady, was thrown out, while the lines dropped on the double trees.

On came the horses at a frightful rate, and in that instant the thought flashed through my mind: "Shall I save her? She would have let me starve this morning." But my better nature triumphed, and I sprang to the roadside and prepared to leap to the nearest horse's back, as I had often done in the sawdust ring.

It was but an instant before I found myself astride the horse, and tugging at the reins, but my efforts were fruitless. I was keeping them in the road, but just ahead was a curve, and I knew the heavy carriage could not go around that, small as it was, at the speed we were going.

In an instant my revolver was in my hand, and I implied by a motion toward the lady that I was going to shoot, and she, answering by a nod, braced herself, and I placed the pistol to the opposite horse's ear and fired; the bullet entered his brain, and he fell like a stone, while the light harness, breaking from the carriage and the dead horse, allowed the one I rode to go free, and the vehicle stopped without farther damage. After stopping my frightened horse, I rode back to the carriage.

The old gentleman had come up by this time, and assisted the lady from the carriage; he was covered with dust, and I could not restrain a laugh at his expense. I was in good spirits at the success of my agility, and as I neared the party I stood up on the horse, and, as he stopped, threw a somersault over the crupper. I was starting off when a sweet and gentle voice called me back, and with tears of gladness the lady thanked me for saving her life, while the old gentleman warmly shook my hand.

They asked me who I was, and I carelessly answered,—

"A tramp for the time being."

The gentleman called to a man who was plowing near by, and asked him to send his boy back to town for another horse, and, leading the lady to a shady spot, requested me to be seated and tell them my story. I did so, not even omitting the fact that I had been discharged for insobriety, nor the fact also that I had foresworn liquor forever.

I was questioned closely, and during our conversation I learned that ex-Judge Claypool of Michigan owned the carriage and horses, as well as the young lady who nestled against the tree so comfortably.

The judge questioned me very particularly about my education, for which I could see no motive, until I was startled beyond all reason by his saying—

"Young man, I keep a store in Lebanon; I need a clerk and bookkeeper; the position is open to you if you see fit to accept it."

I replied—

"My dear sir, would you take a tramp with the very dust of the road still on him, into your store and your confidence? I might rob you of thousands; and beside, I never kept books in my life."

His answer was,—

"You could learn to keep books, and if you were to rob me of every dollar I have it would not repay the debt I owe you."

When the boy returned with the horse it was settled that I should return with them, and I did so.

I was taken to Judge Claypool's house and treated with every degree of respect. The judge gave me a new suit of clothes, mine having been torn in my leap, and a check for twenty-five dollars.

The next day I was taken to the store, quite a large wholesale and retail house, and installed as bookkeeper and head clerk. I spoke about finding a boarding place, when my employer said I was to live with him, and he would settle the bill.

I exchanged my bank account, and found I had four thousand dollars in cash, which I turned over to my employer for investment. When my trunk came, the different suits of spangled and glittering tights were a source of great delight to Miss Georgie Claypool, and nothing would do her but that I must dress myself and come to the dining-room and go through some of my old performances, one evening, after dinner.

As I came down from the room where I had dressed, a servant opened the door, and I went vaulting in, all glittering in the gas-light, in an almost new suit of flaming green, half the time on my head and the rest on my feet.

As I was doing an act of contortion, no less a feat than catching a kerchief from the floor with my teeth while standing on two chairs and bending backward, the door opened and a gentleman entered who was introduced as Mr. Cross. My observant eye soon saw he was deeply enamored of Miss Georgie. He of course understood the circumstances of my coming among them, and I could see looked upon me with a somewhat troubled expression, especially when Miss Georgie applauded my agility.

I wrote to my parents after I had been with Mr. Claypool about a month, and for the first time in almost seven years I had a letter from home. Fortunately they were all alive and well, and very anxious that I should come home; but I would not leave my new employer as soon; and beside, I had what I intended should be a well concealed liking for Miss Georgie, and I became more than ever aware of it as fortune seemed to smile more pleasantly each day. But for the sake of Mr. Cross—who, by the way, was quite a good fellow—I determined to put it down; for I had been informed of an engagement between them.

All went well for a year. My father, who had prospered, brought my mother to see me, and was pleased with me and my employer, and it was altogether a pleasant arrangement when it was decided that I should stay.

I had not touched liquor since the day of my discharge by the circus manager, and was in a fair way to effectually conquer my appetite for it, owing much to Miss Georgie's kind treatment of me, she always filling the place of a sister, and treating me as her equal, which I was striving to be. Often, of a summer evening we would drive out to the place where we met so strangely, and laugh over the escapade, she saying I looked like a large frog as I went up on the horse's back.

"One day, or rather one evening, after dinner, she startled me by saying,—

"Albert, I have told Mr. Cross that I would break my engagement with him, and gave him back his ring."

I said,—

"Why, Georgie, I never knew you to take such a sudden notion before."

She merely answered,—

"I do not love him as I should."

What a great joyous bound my hitherto smothered heart did give! It hammered my ribs in a way both pleasant and alarming.

The judge took the news very much as a matter of fact, saying to Georgie,—

"Do as you think best, my daughter, and consult your own happiness."

Then he appeared to forget the matter in the perusal of his daily paper.

The very next day I went to Mr. Claypool in his private office, and boldly asked permission to win his daughter, if I could.

He looked at me a moment, as if he would read the very inmost workings of my soul, and said,—

"Albert Gard, I have known you but a short time, but I believe you are a true man; you can have my daughter if you can win her; I believe you can, and bid you God speed."

I could now see very plainly why he had appeared so indifferent when his daughter announced that her engagement was broken; he saw which way I had drifted; and from his saying "I believe you can," I imagined he thought Georgie prepossessed in my favor.

In a few evenings after I had spoken to Mr. Claypool, I asked Georgie to go riding, intending to put my fate in her keeping; and, as is the case with most young men at such a time, I took my seat beside her in the phaeton with a feeling akin to cowardice. But her father nodded at me from a window, and smiled at me in such a way that I was strengthened and encouraged.

I turned the horse's head toward the place of our first meeting; the moon shone brightly, and, as we drove along quietly, each appeared to be wrapped in thought.

We drove along until we came to the old tree where I sat that day of the runaway, and here I reined the horse up, and, turning, looked squarely into Georgie's bright blue eyes, and said,—

"Georgie Claypool, do you remember the day, almost two years ago, when you found me, a poor, forsaken tramp, under this tree?"

She said, as her eyes dropped before mine,—

"Yes, Albert; do you suppose I could forget it? You saved my life."

On the instant I caught her words and said,—

"Georgie, won't you give me the right to protect that life always? I love you truly, wholly, with my first and only passion. Say that you are not entirely indifferent to me, and that you will make my whole life as happy and useful as you have made the last two years." And when she nestled into my arms and kissed me without a word, I knew she was mine, and that the victory was complete.

I drove home very happy and light of heart, and when we entered the house and sought the judge he gave us his blessing with the remark,—

"I saw how it was coming out long ago."

Now, my reader, can you tell me whether it was luck or bravery that threw me in the way of a happy and honorable life? Georgie, who is soon to become Mrs. Albert Gard, and is leaning over my chair, says it was bravery; but I am a great believer in luck, and cannot but ascribe part of my good fortune to that.

The morning after my engagement I was astonished to find a new book keeper in the store, and when I asked the meaning of it was shown a new billhead, struck that morning, bearing the firm name of "Claypool & Gard." On our wedding-day a new sign is to be put up, which makes me an equal partner with my respected father-in-law.—*Waverley.*

Coffee-Raising at Home.

The following dispatch sent to the *Tribune* last winter has been "going the rounds" as an important piece of information for everybody who drinks coffee in America. It is certainly important in one particular; if true, it is worth repeating; if not, it is worth reuting:

The Department of Agriculture has obtained some facts in relation to coffee and the possibilities of its cultivation in the United States. It appears that the conditions of latitude, climate and soil of a portion of the United States lead to the conclusion that the coffee-plant, or tree, can be cultivated to some extent in this country with successful results.

The total importation of coffee into the United States for the year 1876, amounted to 339,789,246 pounds, and cost the people of the United States the sum of $56,788,997.

It has been established by the best authorities on the subject that great warmth of climate is not absolutely essential to the growth of the coffee-plant, but a climate characterized by neither extreme heat nor cold, but possessing a fair amount of humidity. The climate and soil of Florida, there is every reason to believe, would answer these conditions. So it is also with Lower California and a portion of Texas. This belief is rendered almost a certainty by the authentic statements that in these regions, at least in Florida and California, there is found growing in abundance a wild coffee-plant with many of the characteristics of the cultivated plant. In California the experiment has been tried of planting the berry of coffee obtained from Costa Rica, and the results are reported as satisfactory.

The coffee of commerce comes chiefly from Brazil, Venezuela, Hayti, the British and Dutch East Indies, the West Indies and Mexico. The plant growing in those countries (*caffea Arabica*) is a tree from eight to twelve feet in height, sometimes attaining a height of twenty and thirty feet. When cultivated, its upward growth is checked by topping, for convenience of gathering the fruit. The plants are grown from seed in nurseries, and when a year old are set out. They are in full bearing the third year, and continue so for twenty years or longer, if properly attended to. The plant is an evergreen. While it is cultivated throughout the tropics, it is a native of the mountainous regions of Abyssinia, and derived its name from Caffa, one of the provinces of that country. From Abyssinia it was introduced into Arabia, and for a long time Arabia supplied all the coffee that was then used. Some time in the seventeenth century it was introduced into Batavia and Surinam, and thence into the Western Hemisphere.

The shrub is planted in warm situations, generally on the slopes of hills, and in soil which does not retain the rain which falls on it.

It is usual to plant about 900 trees to the acre; and the yield of a good season, and of this number of trees in full bearing, is about 2,000 pounds of coffee.

The Department proposes to investigate further the conditions of soil and climate essential to the growth of the coffee-plant and its adaptability to portions of the United States, and respectfully requests any information or suggestions in regard to the same.

As the Commissioner "respectfully requests information," I propose to tell what I know about coffee. It certainly does appear necessary for the Department "to investigate further," as it is all astray in all its present information. And in nothing is it further from the truth than in its supposition that "the climate and soil of Florida" are suitable. There are plenty of "warm situations" in Florida, but where are "the slopes of hills" upon which to make the coffee plantations? The habitat of the coffee tree, for tree it is, appears to be in mountainous countries. The face of Florida is the reverse of that; and though sandy, the subsoil holds water up to the surface, so that it would kill the coffee trees during the rainy season in July and August, while at other times they would suffer from drought, for it is an impossibility to irrigate. This is the reason that oranges can be grown upon only a very limited area of the State.

According to this statement, the trees would be only about seven feet apart, and at that the branches would interlock so as to prevent passing through the plantation. The yield per acre is not stated too high, as some statements fix it much higher. If "great warmth of climate is not absolutely essential," I think it is essential that the country where coffee is cultivated should be absolutely exempt from frost, which is not the case in Florida, except in the Everglades, or extreme southern end of the State, which is totally unfit for coffee plantations.

"Authentic statements!" From whom? What is this "wild coffee plant" which I conclude "grows in abundance" in this State? Not feeling quite strong enough to knock down these "authentic statements," single-handed, I applied to Dr. Chapman, of Appalachicola, author of "Southern Botany," and probably the best authority in the United States; and here is what he says about the "wild coffee-plant."

* * * You make inquiries regarding the "Florida coffee." Your suggestions about the "plant several feet high," a common weed, are correct; and that is the only coffee-plant that I ever heard of as growing in this State. It is botanically, *Cassia occidentalis* or *C. obtusfolia* Anglice, "stink-weed" (for both are usually found growing together), and belongs to the pulse (or bean) family, as far separated from the coffee family as possible. I believe we have frost in every part of the State and consequently coffee can never be cultivated here.

I think if "the Department of Agriculture" will give heed to these "facts in relation to coffee-culture in the United States," it will give up the idea of a plantation in Florida. Pray, Mr. Commissioner, give the people who pay your salary "some facts," and fewer crude speculations and theories.—SOLON ROBINSON, in *N. Y. Tribune.*

Unequal Marriages.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The papers have lately given prominence to three conspicuously unequal marriages, as regarded from the respective social positions of the contracting parties. Three young women of good families have chosen for their husbands, and married on their own responsibility solely, one, a car-driver, the others, each, her father's coachman. What nimbus of glory must have surrounded the heads of these successful charioteers! It is quite safe to say that the romantic girls were beguiled by their undisciplined fancies into looking at these men, not as the merely commonplace individuals they probably were, but as something grand, strong, brave, and breezily fresh and unconventional. Their ideas, wrought out in hours of *ennui*, or of reaction from fashionable pleasures, were not to be found in the drawing-room, where the gentlemen were too reticent, too well-educated, and possibly too polite, to compare favorably with the sons of the soil, and the knights of whip and reins. To take their future lives into their own hands, to dare all for love, seemed to them beautiful and heroic.

It is the rule, and not the exception, that clandestine marriages turn out to be abortive attempts at felicity. Generally speaking, young people should avail themselves of the experience and advice of their parents, before launching out for themselves into a new and solemn sphere of earthly living. With the scorn and the self-reliance of immaturity, some young men and women are disposed to ignore the views of fathers and mothers at this critical time. They are right in thinking that they themselves are the persons most nearly concerned, and right, too, in setting love, pure and simple, high above all accidents of circumstance, and all considerations of convenience. But when parents who have been tender and true always, who have toiled and made sacrifices, and sought with patience the best good of their children, see fit, for any cause, to oppose a projected alliance, the children should be very sure that it is love, and not mere caprice, nor obstinate self-will, which impels them to go on in determined conflict. It would be better for the daughter, at least, to wait in gentleness and patience, and let love be proved by loyalty, and filial obedience have its perfect work, before she places hand and heart in the keeping of one whom her father distrusts. She should be a mature, well-balanced and self-poised woman, over twenty-five years of age, before she decides to go away with her lover, to be married, not having the sanction and the presence of her nearest kindred.

Of course, a young man who marries beneath him, for the sake of a pretty face, a shifting color, a graceful form, or a little foot, any of which have captivated him, is to be pitied, when he awakens and discovers how heavily may be the yoke of pink and white tyranny, how tasteless may be the daily bread of uncongenial and unsympathetic intercourse, and how lonely may be the heart, which thought to have held a dove, and finds it has snared a butterfly. We do pity him. But we cannot commiserate him, as we do the young girl who has perpetrated an equally fatal blunder. He had all the world before him from which to choose. He wields, by natural right, a more powerful, farther-reaching scepter, than she. Cophetua may woo the beggar maid, and the chances are as ten to one that the beggar maid, wearing royal robes, shall do him honor on the throne she shares. Were the cases reversed, the old homely proverb would be far more likely to be realized, that "you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear."

A man is made, and trained, and stamped for life in the mint of home associations, before he is twenty-one. A woman, so quick is her receptiveness, so wonderful is her desire to please, so intuitive is her adjustment to novel environments, may be almost entirely re-molded after marriage, so the marriage be one of love, and the husband good enough, patient enough and wise enough, to conduct the experiment. It is not likely to be a happy or tearless or a very rapid process, and we do not advise anybody to attempt it; but, in the crucible of matrimony, woman is far more likely than man to be transmuted to gold from some baser metal. If a woman, whose life should and ought to be mainly spent in her home, makes a mistake with regard to him who is to be the king and lord, the house-bond and support of the home, she is a fit object for the pity of angels and men.

Mothers, you should cultivate more sedulously than you do, the intimacy of your daughters and your daughters' friends. I do not like our too common disintegration of home interests, our separate social affiliations. The parents, and especially the mothers in society, should be acquainted with the young men and young women with whom their children associate. As the girls grow up, the mother should add to her maternal tenderness, the winsomeness of an elder friend. Authority should be exchanged for confidence. Many girls would be saved from experiences which occasion them mortification and embarrassment, if they were in the way of telling mother everything, and if mother possessed the diviner's art, of noticing when something was wrong. Do not blindly imagine that your young daughter is perfectly safe, because she is absorbed in a book. The book may be a deadly poison, wrapped in the sugar-coating of a pleasant fiction. We need to put higher than ever, in these days of license, the old-fashioned barriers of womanly reserve and modest self-respect. And closer and dearer than ever, around every young girl, should motherhood draw its silvern girdle of prudence and prayer.—*Congregationalist.*

He who spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces.—*Richard Fuller.*

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

Wakefulness from Overwork.

BY EDWIN TEMPLE.

It does not seem to occur to some individuals that wakefulness can result from overwork. Though some say they could not sleep they were so tired, yet if asked to explain the fact could not do it. There is a very important relation between the circulating and muscular systems. Unless the muscles aided the heart and blood vessels to contract, the blood could not circulate. Thus some people find, after a hard summer's work, it is almost impossible to get sound rest until the system gets strong. Old people often cannot sleep after doing work that uses up their strength.

When the wakefulness has become chronic from overwork, it requires time, patience and good sense to overcome it. Rest, light exercise and bracing mountain air, with suitable diet, will do much to restore the forces. As this class of invalids do not stand the cold well they should go south winters, and if possible get on high land or mountains.

In these days of pedestrian feats I would that a warning voice was lifted to the rising generation not to try to emulate their example. To travel or to work day and night, is not always profitable as will be seen by the following story:

A man in Maine wishing to put through a large quantity of logs in a certain time, concluded to keep his mill moving day and night. Instead of hiring extra help for this emergency he foolishly thought to do the work himself, so day and night his sawmill was in constant motion. The doctor passing one day warned him of the danger of his course, to which he paid but little heed. After having finished his job he started for the house, saying that he was going to get some sleep. He went to bed only to imagine himself at his late occupation of sawing logs. His hands seemed to be moving to do their usual tasks, while the brain seemed to tire of its thoughts. The doctor was summoned but could not quiet the overtaxed system. By this time his distress was awful, and hauling out his money box he offered the doctor its entire contents if he would but put him to sleep, but to no purpose. I need not say here that it requires a person of strong will to forgo sleep enough to break down, and in individuals of sound sense it is only by some unusual strain that they finally succumb, and from their honest endeavors to excel they should have our warmest sympathies.—*Household.*

The German and English Student.

The Germans are the explorers in the world of thought, and the first settlers in the newly discovered regions, who clear the ground and make it tillable and habitable. At a later period the English take possession, build solid houses and dwell there. The Germans send their students out into the fields of knowledge, like working bees, to gather honey from every side. The English lead their pupils into well-stored hives to enjoy the labors of others. The German student cares little for the accumulated learning of the past, except as a vantage ground, from which to reach some greater height. He has little reverence for authority, and if he does set up an idol he is very apt to throw it down again. His chief delight is to form theories of his own, and he can build a very lofty structure on a very insufficient foundation. As compared with the "first-class" Oxford man or Cambridge wrangler, he has read but little, and would make a very moderate show in a classical or mathematical tripos examination; but he has the scientific method; he is a thorough and independent master of a smaller or larger region of thought; he knows how to use his knowledge, and in the long run outstrips his English brother. The English system produces the accomplished scholar, "well up in his books;" the reverent and zealous disciple of some Gamaliel; the brilliant essayist, whose mind is filled with the great thoughts and achievements of the past, who deals with ease and grace with the rich stores he has gathered by extensive reading; the ready debater, skilled in supporting his arguments by reference to high authority and by apt quotations. But he is receptive rather than creative; his feathers, though gay and glossy, are too often borrowed, and not so well fitted for higher flights as if they were the product of his own mental organism. The German has read less, but he has thought more, and is continually striving to add to the sum of human knowledge. He is impatient and restless while he stands on other men's ground or sojourns in other men's houses; directly he has found material of his own, whether they be stones or only cards, he begins to build for himself, and would rather get over a difficulty by a rickety plank of his own than by the safe iron bridge of another. The same *furor Teutonicus* (the tendency to drive everything to extremes) which urges on the powerful intellect to great discoveries in the regions of the hitherto unknown also goads the little mind to peer with fussy, feverish restlessness into every chink, to stir every puddle, "te dig with greedy hand for treasure."—*Home Journal.*

Mark that man who compels his wife to carry the baby, while he walks unburdened and free. You will find him to belong to one of the following races: the Apaches, the Scotch, the Zulu, the English, the Modoc, or the Irish. Mark that man who carries the baby and the other burdens and lets the wife walk free and lightly by his side, and you will find that he is a German or a native American. There are multitudes of Scotchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen who have by nature or culture the grace of gallantry, and who are not afraid of losing the prerogative of lording it over somebody—we are only speaking of the typical untutored nature as it is found in the rough. The German and American speak of the Fatherland. The Scotchman and Englishman's heart responds to the "mother-tongue," and is alert to "mother-wit."—*Interior.*

Present fashions offer every temptation to be vulgar and immodest.

Wit and Humor.

Eating is a chair-at-table act.

Why does Queen Victoria never drink lager? Because its the reverse of regal.

There is no vine that contributes more sustenance to man than the bovine. —*Wade Whipple.*

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

Does a donkey's tail resemble a swan's breast?—Why, of course it does, for don't they both grow *down?*

Have you ever thought how exceedingly kind it is of the average murderer to forgive everybody before he is swung off?

"I called twice, and found you out," said Mrs. Jones. "Very good," said Mrs. Smith; "I had to call but once to find you out."

Brown. "Can you break me a five-dollar bill?"

Jones. "I should like to break it, but unfortunately I'm broke myself."

By our Bachelor.—Eve was the first and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

Grandma. "Yes, children, when I was as young as you are, I used to walk in my sleep."

Tommy (*eagerly*). "Say, gram'ma, what time did you make?"

Silly young man (to a bright girl)—"Can you spell donkey with one letter?" Bright girl—"Yes, that's easy enough." Silly young man—"Let me hear you, please." Bright girl—"U."

Two Irishmen traveling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad track came to a mile-post, when one of them said, Tread aisy, Pat. Here lies a man 108 years old. His name was Miles, from Baltimore."

Mrs. Partington Again.—"Poor man!" said the old lady; "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

The following is a sign on a barber-shop in Mansfield, Ohio: "Tonsorial Artis, Physiognomincal, Hair-Dresser, Facial Oporator, Cranium manipulator and Cipilary abridger. Sheaves and Hair Cut with ambidextrous facility."

Elevator boy (to a woman who had ridden three times from the bottom to the top of the building); "Well, where do you want to get out?" "Well, indade, oim not quite sure, but lave me as near the Grand Central Depot as ye can."

"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" asks a paper. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from California; if it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.

A coarse, ill-natured man died one day and his friends assembled at the funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. At length a kind-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said: "Vell, he vas a goot schmoker."

Old Gentleman (looking at a very bobtailed horse). "Bless me! how short they have cut his tail!"

Attendant. "His master is a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals. In this fashion he will not annoy the poor flies."

Magistrate: "Well, Patrick, what have you got to say about stealing the pig?" Patrick: "Well, y'r honnor-r, ye see, it was jist this. The pig tuk upon him to sleep in my bit of a gardin for three noights, y'r honn'r-r, and I jist sayzed him for the rint!"

At the battle of Cold Harbor, a frightened volunteer was making his way to the rear on a dead run, and his colonel seeing him called out: "Halt! Halt, you coward, or I'll shoot!" "Shoot away, and be hanged!" yelled the fugitive, as he dashed on more wildly; "what's one bullet to a whole basketful?"

A teacher endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child; "why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

A physician, having a duel on his hands, requests two of his friends to arrange with his adversary the hour of the meeting. "Make it to-morrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must visit four patients before going to the ground." "I see," murmurs one of the seconds; "he wants to get his hand in."

A gentleman showing some ladies over the Oxford College had his attention called to a picture of one of the celebrities of the college. "A great gun?" he asked of the cicerone. "Yes, sir." "A canon, perhaps!" said he, remembering his Joe Miller in the midst of scenes of his youth. "Can't exactly say, sir," was the answer, "but I know he had a *brother* in the army."

Some children take naturally to a practical view of things. A little girl in Brookline was saying her prayers the other evening, closing up with: "God bless papa and mamma, little sister, and everybody, and keep us from harm this night. Amen." The "little sister," a bright-eyed puss of five years, quietly remarked: "If you'd said 'everybody' to begin with, you needn't have made such a long prayer."

"Pat," said Snogglethorpe, who is fond of using high-sounding phraseology, to his man-of-all-work, "I'm going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber beds in the interim." "Interim," thought Pat, "that's a mighty quare name for a garden, anyhow!" "Is Mr. Snogglethorpe at home?" asked a visitor, who called shortly afterward. "Yis, sorr,; ye'll find him at work in his interim there beyant, so ye will."

Parisian ingenuity will reach its climax in the new fall and winter fashions. Modistes who have just come home from Europe say we should all prepare to have our breath taken away.

A barber's boy is a whisk-y fiend.

Fashion Notes.

The coming bonnet is already talked about.

Feminine trains are very long and hang all over the floor like a Turkish rug.

There is a great demand for all things antique and ancient, except 17th of March hats.

Short dresses having had their day, the probabilities are we will have them now at night.

Beads and bugles are in favor still. On black costumes they are most showy and effective.

Alligator belts and bags are highly fashionable. The same may be said of crocodile tears.

One of the sensations at Newport is a white satin dress painted by hand. It is very hand-some!

Something new in the jewelry line is earrings, necklace and bangles composed of silver coins.

The mania for old laces still rages, and fabulous prices are paid for Mrs. Noah's handkerchiefs.

There are still seventy-five kinds of ways for arranging the hair, but only one description of hot corn bread.

In this hot weather it is pleasant to know that long, fur-lined cloaks will be as fashionable as ever next winter.

Sleeve buttons made out of silver quarters are the correct thing. They are worth an excursion ticket to Coney Island any day.

Princess Dagmar blue is a new color. There is general regret to think that a princess should ever have the blues. It is a beautiful shade.

Bunting suits show no waning popularity, because they are cheap and make the ugliest creature in the feminine line look pretty and stylish.

Ostentatious women who ride in open carriages at Long Branch have bunches of artificial flowers on their shoes which they exhibit unnecessarily.

Sashes are coming in fashion again for young ladies who plead the baby act, and are very shy of telling their age. Window sashes will never go out of fashion.

Laughable Blunders—Errors of Compositors.

We append a few of the unpublished errors of compositors—errors that have been corrected by the proof-reader, and therefore have not come under the notice of the public. A stanhope phaeton was advertised for sale, which the ingenious compositor transformed into a "stump of a pheoton." A coachman who was in want of a situation advertised as one of his accomplishments that he was used to driving the compositor preferred "drinking." A gentleman advertised his house for sale, mentioning that it was only five minutes' walk from the station—the compositor made it five months' walk. A jeweler's assistant advertised for employment, saying that he was used to jobbing, and, incredible as it may appear, the compositor had the hardihood to say he was used to "robbing." A manufacturer advertised his patent umbrella shade, which was made by the compositor "imbicile" shade. A leader writer in the course of his article said disappointment made our zeal grow cold; but the more homely type said it made our "feet" grow cold. In a sentence, "It was as empty as a squeezed lemon," a typo made the two last words, "egneeyed demon." In the cross-examination of the Tichborn claimant, he was asked if he ever addressed his mother as mamma, but the last word appeared as "maniac." A war correspondent in giving a graphic account of a French retreat during the Franco-Prussian war, described the effect made on his mind by the sight of the "buglers, old men and boys running away," which the compositor ludicrously spoiled by printing, "legless men and boys running away." A lady committed a slight theft, which the compositor ascribed to a sudden change of "footman," instead of fortune. And in a description of a dress the writer was made to say it was trimmed with "salvation" instead of silver lace.

How to Keep Butter.—The essentials in keeping butter in summer consist in making it properly, having a cool place to keep it, and excluding it from the air. No butter can be safely packed in warm weather which is not perfectly made, nor can it then be kept if exposed to the air. Dairy rooms cooled with a cheap refrigerator are coming into use now among butter-makers, both for setting milk and keeping butter, and with ice and salt secure a low temperature at small cost. The best packages for keeping butter a long time in warm weather are made of tin, and wood-lined. When filled, the cover is soldered on and made air-tight.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

A Monster Time-Piece.—The large clock at the English Houses of Parliament is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half-minute the point of the minute-hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, but it will only strike for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of east iron; the hour-bell is eight feet high, and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter-hours, and by its strokes the short-hand reporters regulate their labors. At every stroke a new reporter takes the place of the old one, whilst the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

There are some men who are busy in idleness and make the leisure of peace not only more troublesome, but even more wicked than the business of war.

Certain ladies in Paris wear mourning for the dead Prince, and certain papers upbraid them for so doing.

The foolish man who tries to steal is a blamed fool.

Mutton Eating for Farmers.

We have more than once called attention to this subject. Our farmers do not eat enough fresh mutton. Sheep are easy to raise; they are a great benefit to land; they have been the standby of the average English farmer for many years. Indeed, some one has said that sheep and turnips have been the salvation of England. Dogs will kill them, it is true; but our communities are intelligent as well as powerful enough to deal with the dog question. We are glad to see that agricultural journals are busily agitating the subject of sheep raising for home consumption. In our early days it was the habit of a farmer to kill a sheep and divide it with a neighbor. But let us eat all meat of a sheep. The leg can be boiled and eaten with mint sauce, or any other green stuff that will bear vinegar, to kill the "muttony" taste. Nothing is better than stewed tomatoes, or raw tomatoes used with vinegar, as an accompaniment of a boiled leg of mutton. The latter is just as good cold as hot. Then what is better than the ribs roasted and served with boiled potatoes? The other parts may be boiled down in the pot, and even the neck may be utilized by making it into a heavy broth. Mutton is the great diet of the Eastern countries. From Maine to Turkey the mutton stew makes national dishes. The following is from Colonel Curtis in the *Rural New Yorker:* A leading butcher in a suburban city informs me that he sold but one sheep during the entire summer; in fact, he only sold a portion of that. After keeping it in his icebox more than a month he took it home and ate it in his own family. Notwithstanding the length of time he had it on hand it was sweet and good, proving that mutton will keep as well, if not better than, any other meat. During this time he sold thousands of pounds of beef, which had been brought on the cars hundreds of miles. In the autumn he sold hundreds of pounds of pork. To us there seems to be a want of wisdom in all this. His patrons refused to eat the cleansed, healthiest and most easily digested meat in the world, and without thought, apparently, or consideration, followed fashion or habit, and ate beef more or less feverish and unhealthy, not knowing or caring where it came from, and pork which might have been reared in filth and might be reeking with disease. The farmers would be glad to furnish mutton in abundance if there was only a demand. It seems to be a universal practice with Americans to dislike mutton, or, at least, to eat scarcely any meat except beef and pork. They will pay twice as much for beef as mutton can be bought for. Chops always sell high, because every one wants them and nobody wants the rest of the carcass. Butchers say that they must sell one-third of the sheep for enough to pay for the whole, as all the rest has to be sold below cost. Americans seem to be totally unused to mutton in any form as corned or salted meat. There is no better meat than corned mutton. It is excellent for soups and stews, or to boil. The hams may be corned and then boiled and eaten cold for any meal. There is no other meat which the farmer can more economically use while at the same time supplying his table with nutritious and wholesome food, as mutton will keep fresh longer than any other meat, and may be safely cured in hot weather. A fat sheep will go a long way at the farmer's table and make twice as many meals as its cash value invested in beef. The beef must be purchased at retail, while the farmer could supply himself with more wholesome mutton at just what it cost him to raise it. A neighbor or two would share the carcass with him, and in turn he could do the same with them; this would be an exchange which would benefit both. A small flock of sheep is the most profitable investment any farmer in the old States can make. No stock will bring in so much money in comparison with their cost, and, if he will try it, no stock will help him so well in providing a supply of wholesome food. Sheep will winter well on straw, supplemented with plenty of turnips. These are an easy crop to raise, and may be put in any time before the middle of August. This is the best way to work the straw into manure, far better than to throw it into the yard, where it cannot be converted into manure at all to be compared in richness to what it would be if fed to the sheep and mixed with their droppings. The straw thrown into the yard makes a great deal of bulk to handle, with little value. The sooner American farmers begin to raise roots and turnips for sheep the sooner they will begin to swell the income of the farm by the direct return of more meat made to sell and more manure to make more and better crops."—*New York Herald,*

One Date He Could Remember.—A story comes to Causeur of an incident in a school in Southampton, England, some years since. The boys were being examined in the history of England, and the answers were mainly dates of events more or less important in the history of the British Empire. Among the pupils was the son of an American sea captain, a bright specimen of young America. Being questioned concerning dates in English history, he manifested an ignorance bordering on stupidity. The teacher, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed: "What! Don't you remember a single date that marks an important event in the history of England?" "Why, yes, sir," said the boy, "I *do* know one." "Well, out with it," said the teacher. "The Fourth of July, 1776." There was a decided sensation. —*Boston Transcript.*

Some crusty, rusty, musty, fusty, dusty, specimen of a man, proposed the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire-engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

It has been found that by winding a strong cord tightly about a limb or trunk of an apple tree, its productiveness is greatly increased. This should be done in June or July.

Unwritten Books.

There are few painters, living or dead, who have not had better pictures in their brains to paint than their pencils ever sketched, gilded with the glory of the fancies of a dream; no hero who has not imagined more heroic deeds than his arm ever wrought; no woman who has not had ideals of a more impassioned lover than she ever found; no singer who has not had the sweetest song of all nestling in the chambers of his heart, ready for ripe expression should the moment and the power of expression ever come.

"Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes, unheard, its tenderest tone:
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown."

It is true that every one who has any achievement at all thinks himself capable of something a little different from anything he has done, and which, under other and fostering circumstances, he might have accomplished. Rachel thought she would have played high comedy better than the sorrows and horrors of tragedy, with all its statuesque poses; George Eliot's ideal is not in her novel and essay, but in verse beyond her reach; the playwright would be a statesman; the painter would drop his brush and model; the sculptor builds in the twilgiht shadows the palaces and cathedrals of his fancy; Dante himself, so Browning tells us, once prepared to paint an angel.

"What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry:
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture;
Put to proof art alien to the artist's
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

It is a singular development of genius that this should be so frequently the case, although there are very few of such instances of ability as well as of desire as Leonardo's and Michael Angelo's. Perhaps it signifies the many-sided and orbital character of genius, that is not restricted to one view of art, but is in some intimate relation with and sees the whole of the sun round which it revolves. It is, at any rate, like a relief in the character of the artist, acting the gloom and shadow of recesses of private thought for those whose lives and whose work, as a rule, must be so open to the garish day, and it gives perhaps just the little melancholy, that one dark line, necessary to tone down the brilliancy of success.

But what of those that have no success, and yet have shelves full of the unwritten books? They are the ones that feel the life within, but never find the moment in which to say the spell that shall evoke it; who have their thoughts and their experiences, which they are always meaning to transmute into the pure gold of the current coin of the public love and praise of their kind, but never have the die; to whom sorrow and joy have brought fancies that seem to them too sweet to keep if they could only give them their measure, if the coal of fire would only touch and part the sealed lips.

Shelley declares that our sweetest songs are born of sadddest thought; but Dr. Holmes avers that they are those which are never sung:

"If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!"

It is these dumb singers of songs, these palsied writers of books, that have our sympathy much more than the proud painter and the great novelist, historian, or essayist, who would fain add one more leaf to their laurels—the voiceless, whose souls are full of music, who, sad as the childless, feel that they live unrecognized and go down to their graves unremembered, and to whom no consciousness of better, nobler, and more useful work repays the lack of the other. What a symphony for superior ears would all that singing be if only once it could be at all—if once all that power of loving that there is in this silent race, all that sense of beauty, all that appreciation of goodness, all that capacity of enjoying and of suffering had a voice! And what a discord sometimes in the singing those wanting tones enforce!—for who sings exactly enough for two?—what a pathos, that makes all the music end in tears! Doubly sad, then, must it be to the victims themselves, who long to utter, and are dumb; who have their message to deliver, and yet leave it unsaid; their book to write, with all its burden paged and lettered in their dreams, and never touch pen to paper—sad even if the instinct within them were but vegetable life longing for the impossible animal emancipation, as if a tree might sigh for wings! Sadder still, because so nearly universal.

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!"
—*Bazar.*

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer one day last week, and the following conversation took place:

"Well, judge, how is business?"

"Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope."

"Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."

The discriminating and fee system of some of our watering-places has become so exaggerated that wealthy and snobbish visitors fee the chefs and head waiters, and receive special dishes specially served at hours previously arranged.

Tomato Relish.—Twenty-five tomatoes (ripe and peeled), four onions, eight peppers (seeds taken out) and chopped fine with onions, eight cups of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls sugar, two of salt. Boil gently one hour.

To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, but to act kindly is best. Let warm, loving light shine on all around you.

A few dried or preserved cherries with stones out, are the very best things possible to garnish sweet dishes.

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Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side Saddles, $8 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz; Harness leather, good quality, 29c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; Sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Sinchos, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars, $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....SEPT. 20, 1879

THAT OUTRAGE.

When it comes to giving the particulars of a "Southern outrage," the average Republican paper can display more ignorance in a given space than any other thing in existence. This is particularly noticeable in the published accounts of the killing of Henry M. Dixon by James H. Barksdale at Yazoo, Miss. The *Yolo Mail* has it that the killing was done "by Barksdale and others of that Mississippi mob," and that it was done because Dixon was a candidate for office. Now if the Democratic papers of California should publish to the world that Swartz was killed in San Francisco the other day because he was a leading Democratic politician, a howl would go up from the Republicans that politics had nothing to do with it, and that it was purely a personal matter. And they would be right, as the Democrats now are in claiming that the killing of Dixon was from personal motives, and had no political significance whatever. Dixon had stated publicly that Barksdale was guilty of an infamous crime with his own sister, and Barksdale gave him the punishment he deserved. There was no mob, but the two men met on the street and both were armed and exchanged shots. Dixon was killed, as every man ought to be who will utter such a vile slander against a defenceless woman. The account of the shooting was immediately telegraphed all over the Union as another "outrage," but when the truth became known, all that learned it justified the act. The Associated Press, which is controlled by the Radicals, is very anxious to attribute every crime committed in the South to politics, as they imagine it to be capital for the campaign next year. With all the "outrages" that are committed, there is not a Southern State that has as large a criminal record as dear old moral, intellectual, Republican Massachusetts, as the records plainly show. The people know this if these Radical editors do not, and will show where their sympathies lie by electing a Democratic President in 1880, and seeing that he takes his seat.

Samuel J. Tilden says: The differences in the Democratic party in the United States are transitory and evanescent, and will disappear in the presence of inevitable events. The principles upon which the great mass of the Democratic party are agreed on are fundamental and eternal. In the contest of 1876 the issue was the restoration of the Government, its practical working and administration, to the original ideas of its founders. The defeat of the popular will as declared in that election has raised a vastly greater issue—that is, the system of self-government through election by the people.

BOSTON, September 18.—A special dispatch from Worcester says; Dyer D. Lum, ex-Greenback canidate for Lieueenant-Governor, reports that Dennis Kearney will arrive in Massachusetts early in Oct. for the purpose of exposing the tricks of Uncle Ben Butler, and showing up the relations between himself and Butler last year.

Wm. B. Roddan and his wife have been arrested in Wheatland in connection with the recent outrage upon Ida Dunn and Cora Heslep. It will be remembered that it was at Roddan's house that the crime was committed and a large number of the citizens in that vicinity have suspected them from the first.

A movement is on foot in Cuba to import a large number of Chinese laborers. If the Cubans could be induced to import from California, our people would be glad to aid them in their scheme.

The State Comptroller of Georgia has been impeached for depositing the public moneys in banks and drawing the interest for his own benefit.

Hayes is getting back among the Radical members of the party and he will soon be the noblest stalwart of them all.

The next House of Representatives will be composed of 148 Democrats, 133 Republicans, and 12 Nationals.

Daniel Drew died suddenly in New York on Thursday night, aged 82 years.

Equal Taxation.

The subject of taxation in the various counties of Oregon is being discussed. It is claimed by one writer that there is something wrong. There is no doubt about it. Everything is decidedly wrong; but who is to blame? The State suffers and the people suffer. The assessor in one county fears that his county will have to pay more than a just proportion of taxes to the State, and consequently, fearing that he may become unpopular with the people, he values the property at about one-third its real worth. We were a little amused the other day upon receiving and examining a small pamphlet giving the official figures of the assessed valuation of all the property in the State of Oregon by counties. It amounted to a little over $40,000,000. At the same time we had before as the return of the assessor of Yolo country, Cal., which contains a population not to exceed 14,000 persons. The total valuation of property was $10,871,227 for 1878-89. We thought it rather strange that a small agricultual county in California with one town containing about 3,000 inhabitants, could show an amount of property equal to one-fourth of the whole state of Oregon. But the fact was before us in an official form, and we had only to fathom the cause, Why do not the several county assessors confer with each other and regulate this matter? The citizens would not have to pay any more in proportion, and there should be some little pride of country in the matter. A stranger examining the tax-roll of Oregon would conclude that the State was in a poverty-stricken condition, and would naturally avoid it in choosing a home.—[Coos County (Or.) Argus.

Distress in England.

For months past the English telegrams have been burdened with the story of depression of manufacturing interests. Day after day the dispatches have alternately told of reduction of wages, of strikes, of short time, of dismissal of operatives. Of late the news has become worse and worse and may be considered the prelude to a season of distress in England seldom equaled and perhaps never exceeded. The authorities of some towns have already notified the Government that the usual modes of winter relief will de inadequate. In the northeast it is estimated that 200,000 are out of empoyment, and in other sections the surplusage of the labor market is nearly as bad. Added to this the fact that the mass of the operatives who have employment are working at starvation rates, and that the price of breadstuffs is certain to be high owing to the failure of the harvests, and the prospects of the poor are of the dreariest description. Last winter the exertions of the municipal authorities and the charitable throughout England were strained to their utmost to provide food for the unfortunate lower classes. This year affairs are so much worse that the intervention of the Goverment will be required to mitigate to general distress. Those who can afford to leave the fated island are emigrating to the United States or preparing to do so; but they are only the few. The great majority are without means. They are starving. They see famine approaching but cannot flee from it. While England is allowing her poor to starve she is expending millions of pounds in prosecuting schemes of ambition in Africa and Asia and while she is purchasing food from America the larger part of her land in the possession of a few thousand proprietors, is withdrawn from cultivation and devoted to parks and the preservation of game. Some day there will be an uprising of the people and the iniquitous land system will be swept away. —[Chronicle

The Boston *Post* says: Judge Abbott outlines the only sensible policy for Democrats. If they mean to keep up the old party, and especially if they have any hopes of seeing it carry the country next year, they must nominate and vote for Democrats. Nobody who knows anything about parties in this country can expect the Democrats can leave their standard and join a lot of sore-head Republicans to elect a sore-head Republican, and be recognized as Democrats next year. If the sore-head Republicans want to come into the Democratic party, that is another thing. Meanwhile, the Democrats who know they are Democrats, will continue to vote the Democratic ticket which will bear the names of Democratic candidates.

Take the STANDARD and be happy.

The Best Shooting on Record.

At West End New Jersey, Sept, 1st, in a shooting contest, in which eleven competitors took part, at 500 yards range, with rifles, each to fire one hundred and ten shots the scores of the leading two were the best ever made. The performance is thus reported in the New York *Sun:* On the first round Mr. A. G. Holcombe and Dr. S. T. G. Dudley tied on a score of 50 out of a possible 50. Mr. Holcombe and Dr. Dudley went to the targets to shoot off the tie, both men again making ten consecutive bulls-eyes. A third time these remarkable marksmen went to the targets and again both made the wonderful run of 50 out of a possible 50. Both men cleaned their Remingtons, and for a fourth time began to shoot off the tie. Dudley started off with a bull's-eye. Holcombe following with the same and on the second shot Dr. Dudley scored a center and Holcombe made a bull's eye. Both men made four more bulls-eyes, and then Dudley again made a center. The total score now stood: Holcombe, 180 out of a possible 180, and Dr. Dudley 178 out of a possible 180. Holcombe, on the thirty-seventh shot, his seventh of the final tie, again scored a bull's-eye. On his eight got a center closing his score with two bull's-eyes, making in the match 199 out of a possible 200. His run of 37 consecutive bull's eyes has never been equalled and it stands the best score on record.

Our Population.

On the basis of one vote to five persons, the population of this State would be about 800,000. The vote will not fall much short of 160,000, and may be in excess of that number. Some of the older States have in exciting elections give a larger vote than one to five, but that proportion is as large as can be calculated on. There are two conditions peculiar to California which will materially affect this basis of comparison each in a different way. One is the large proportion of males in portions of the interior and the other the fact that there are one hundred thousand Chinese male adults more or less, who do not vote. The excess of males would of course increase the proportion of voters in the population while the existence of a race of men-workers who are not voters would tend to reduce the proportion. The vote however is a tolerably safe indication that the State is growing in population in spite of the adverse influence of the Chinese.—[Call.

SHODDY.—The Sacramento *Bee* has this to say: The price of admission to the Grant banquet at San Francisco has been set at $25, and many suggest that it be reduced to $10 or $15. Why set such a price upon it? The great General is supposed to be the guest of the people of San Francisco and not simply a social lion whose reflected glory will confer notoriety upon a few score of rich men who happen to have more money to spare than their less fortunate neighbors. There is too much shoddy about it as it now stands and it should be remedied. Either San Francisco herself should foot the bill and invite her most prominent citizens, or the price should be so lowered that worthy men in all ranks of life would be able to be present. It appears too much now in the light of a circus advertisement: "Step right up up this way, gentlemen, and view the great lion of the day General U. S. Grant. It will be a sight you will never forget. It will add notoriety to all who come forward. And all at the low price of $25!" If Sacramento shall do anything toward the reception of the great Captain she no doubt will do it in a plain, republican manner, without any effort at shoddying-

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP BY H. P. MARTIN, AT HIS PLACE near Woodland, one bay mare and two yearling colts. No mark or brands, but one colt has 3 white feet and star in forehead. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. sep20-2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.

WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the

18th day of October, A. D. 1879,

at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,

[SEAL.] By JAS. C. HARLAN, Dep'y Clerk.

C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. se13-td

NOTICE TO CREDITOS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo, State of California.

PETER LAUENER vs. HIS CREDITORS. } Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, Peter Lauener, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the Court House at Woodland in the said County of Yolo, on the **20th day of September,** A. D., 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of August, A D., 1879. D. M. BURNS,

[SEAL] County Clerk.

ag165t By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

Summons No. 98.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SIXTH JUdicial District, State of California, County of Yolo.

RECLAMATION DISTRICT NO. 108, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. CLARKE, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to W. J. CLARKE: You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint of Reclamation District No. 108, in said Court filed against you within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in this county: if served out of this county, but within this Judicial District, within twenty days: but if served on you without said district, then in forty days from such service, exclusive of the day of service, in an action commenced on the 21st day of May, 1879, in said Court.

Said action is brought to recover the sum of $1092 84-100 in gold and silver coin of the United States, with interest thereon from the 5th day of March, 1871, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum—being the amount of two assessments levied in Reclamation District No. 108, to-wit: On the E. ½ and S. W. ¼ of Sec. 12, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $936 72-100, and on the W. ½ of S. W. ¼ of Sec. 13, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $156 12-100: and for a decree of this Court adjudging said several amounts, so assessed, liens on said several tracts of land, and for the purpose of enforcing said liens, that said tracts of land be sold, in the manner provided by law, to satisfy said several assessments, with interest as aforesaid, and costs of suit—all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint on file herein. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, D. M. Burns, Clerk of the Sixth Judicial District Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court at office in Woodland, this 18th day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

By James C. Harlan, Deputy.

C. H. GAROUTTE, Dist. Attorney of Yolo county, Attorney for Plaintiff.

A. C. ADAMS and W. B. TREADWELL, of Counsel.

aug23-5t

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

T. L. SMITH.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

WOODLAND STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

THE STANDARD

Job Office

IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH A

LARGE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

PLAIN AND

Ornamental

JOB TYPE

—FOR PRINTING—

BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
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All discriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St, Woodland.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

An exchange says the Republican motto is: "Anything to meet Grant."

Song of Jo. McKenna: "Luttrell killed me, and now I am to be Berry-ed.

H. P. Martin has taken up some stray horses. See notice in another column.

Shelly Dunlap, of Colusa, has been in town this week on a visit to his friends.

C. L. Hollingsworth left for his ranch in Trinity county on Wednesday morning last.

Extra trains are now running over the Nothern Railroad for the transportation of wheat.

In reply to the often asked question of "what is the best word," we will say: Berry is elected.

Several Woodlandites went to San Francisco this week to be present at the reception of Gen. Grant.

Lew. Rattler's Minstrel Combination showed to fair houses at Washington Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evening.

There is one less mud-hen in the county than there was a week ago. S. J. S. and T. S. S. went hunting last Thursday.

A mammoth stock of School Books always on hand at Elston's. *

The Hebrew New Year was observed by our Jewish citizens by closing their places of business and holding services at Odd Fellows Hall.

Charini's Circus failed to draw as large a crowd in Woodland as circuses generally do. but the performance is spoken of as first-class by those who attended.

We notice that Dr. H. W. Fiske, was elected Public Administrator of Plumas county at the late election, receiving a larger majority than any one on the ticket.

We heard the report the other day that a gentleman of Woodland had rented Central Hall for a year, with the intention of fitting it up so as to make it suitable for entertainments.

In Sutter county, which went for Perkins by three hundred. Wilcoxson received 101 majority over Dutton for Member of the Board of Equalization. Kelley did not receive a vote.

Country Schools furnished with supplies at lowest prices at Elston's Drug Store. *

The Hutchinson Family, who gave one of their concerts in Woodland last Winter, will return next week and give two entertainments on Saturday and Sunday, 27th, and 28th inst.

S. A. Howard sold ten more of his fine imported mules this week. As soon as they are all disposed of he will start for Modoc county with the intention of bringing back a drove of beef cattle.

Don't forget the meeting at Central Hall on Monday night of the singers who are to take part in the Musical Festival. Everybody invited, it don't make any difference how poor a singer you are.

F. E. Baker, Esq., went to Winters on Saturday last for the purpose of conducting the prosecution in the case of the People vs. Roberts, for assault and battery, but Mr. T. Hart Hyatt, the complaining witness was too ill to appear in Court, and the case was postponed.

Jas. Viers and family have returned from their trip to Ohio, and are stopping in Woodland for the present. Mr. Viers has not decided whether he will remain in Yolo county or not, but we are of the opinion that he will arrive at that conclusion after he has looked around for a better place.

In the free for all race at Vallejo Thursday, the following horses started: Volunteer, Flora Shepard, Gentle Annie, and Sheriff Barney's horse, Tamarack. Tamarack won the first, second and fourth heats. Flora Shepard taking the third. Time, 2:28½, 2:29¾, 2:31 and 2:32½.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

The meetings of the singers for rehearsals for the Musical Convention have been changed to Central Hall. A piano has been secured and the singing on Monday evening last was a decided improvement over previous efforts. They meet again on Monday night at Central Hall, and all who take an interest are invited.

Judge Denson will next week hold the last regular term of the Sixth District Court for Yolo county, as the new Superior Court will take the place of the District Court before the time for another term. However, to wind up all the business possible, the Judge will hold a special session of the District Court for Yolo in November.—[Record-Union.

Greeneville, Plumas county, is to have a grand Band Tournament on the 4th and 5th of November, open to all bands in Plumas, Lassen, Butte and Sierra counties. $800 in premiums are offered, $300 to the first and best band. If there was enough enterprise in Woodland to carry out something of this kind, it would doubtless prove a grand success, financially and otherwise.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to

J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

That Scrap of History.

EDITOR STANDARD:—By your permission I desire to notice briefly an item contained in a commnnication in your issue of Sept. 6, headed "A Scrap of History," and signed "1852."

It appears from statements therein made that the communication was called forth by a brief publication of De Pue & Co., relating to the organization and history of the Christian Church in Yolo county, and seemed to be intended to controvert some of the facts contained in said publication, but of this I am not particularly concerned at present.

The writer starts out by stating his purpose to furnish a scrap of history to fill up a gap in the history of the churches in Yolo county during parts of the years 1852-3. In so far as the writer confines himself to his avowed purpose I have nothing to say at present, but before he closes his communication, he, for some unexplained reason, transcend his own prescribed limits, becomes a historian of 1854, parading the exploits of an imaginary hero in such a way as to do injustice to the memory of one who can no more raise his voice or pen in his own defense.

The writer in the last paragraph of his paper says, of the Rev. J. B. Hartsough, "He will be remembered as the one that so effectually silenced the "Wandering Preacher" on the question of secret societies." Now, I do not say that "1852" designedly intended to do any one injustice by the above declaration, but I do say that there is no foundation whatever for such a statement save in the brain of "1852" and of those who either do not understand the facts in the case, or, who under the influence of partisan feelings misconstrue them.

That there was a question raised in the Christian Church in 1854 which for a time caused some discussion and strife, is true; that the "Wandering Preacher" took part in these discussions is also true; that the question was settled, and that discussion ceased is also true; but that the Rev. Dr. Hartsough silenced the "Wandering Preacher" or any one else is denied.

The writer, of this communication being personally and intimately acquainted with the "Wandering Preacher," does not hesitate to say that the declaration of "1852" is calculated to make an incorrect impression on the mind of the readers of his communication. In the first place, it will leave the impression on those not otherwise informed, that the "Wandering Preacher" was waging war on secret societies, which was not the case. In the second place, the statement will leave the impression that he was either advocating something which he knew would not bear investigation, and finding himself confronted by one able to expose him he became silent, or, that he felt himself incapable of defending what he believed to be true against one so learned and talented as the Rev. Dr. H., or, that he had not the moral courage to stand up for his convictions of right in the face of opposition.

Now I assert that each and every one of these conclusions would be incorrect, and unjust to the known character of the "Wandering Preacher;" that for purity of motive, for love of truth, for depth of moral conviction, and for an unyielding purpose in the support of his convictions of right, at any sacrifice, he was the peer of any man.

In conclusion let *me* construe a scrap of history and see whether or not it will harmonize with the ideas of "1852" of that charity that "thinketh no evil." It is a fact well known to many still living in this community that the "Wandering Preacher" not unfrequently publicly assailed some of the dogmas of the church of which the Rev. Dr. H. and "1852" are members. Once in the Dr.'s presence he announced his intention of handling the creed of their church. He was never "held to answer" for these things. Now suppose I should construe this "effectual silence" so as to imply on the part of some body, a want of moral courage, or a want of confidence in their cause, what would "1852" have to say? Doubtless he would be prompt to reply that I had wholly misconstrued their "effectual silence," and that my inferences were purely the suggestions of partisan feelings. Very well. His supposed answer to me is my answer to him.

Respectfully submitted in the interest of justice. "1854."

District Court.

The September term of the District Court will convene on Monday next. 22d inst. The following is the Calender:

Law Day, Sept. 22d, 1 P. M.
Freeman vs. Powers—Case set Sept. 23d, 9 A. M.
Palmer vs. Barney—Sept. 24th, 9 A. M.
Gould vs. Powers—Sept. 25th, 9 A. M.
Bank of Woodland vs. Hiatt—Sept. 26th, 9 A. M.
Houghton vs. Dresbach—Sept. 27th, 9 A. M.
Greed vs. Martin—Sept. 29th, 1 P. M,
Baker & Hamilton vs. Meador—Sept. 30, 9 A. M.

RAILROAD TALK.—There is considerable Railroad talk in Lake county at present. Mr. Samuel Falconer has been in the county for about two weeks, talking railroad for the Vaca Valley R. R. Co., and as a consequence, we find that men who have heretofore opposed the notion of a railroad into Lake county, are now strongly in favor of it, and are willing to give the right of way, and even to subscribe some coin. We are not informed whether this company desires anything more than the right of way or not, but if that is all they desire, it will be granted them, we have not a doubt, for our people are beginning to see and feel the necessity of a Railroad. We only hope the Company "mean business."—[Lake Democrat.

On Thursday last, as Mr. John M. Rhodes was alighting from a wagon at his residence in Woodland, his foot caught so as to throw him on the ground, striking head foremost. He was quite seriously though not dangerously injured.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.—A grand moonlight excursion from Sacramento to Tammany Grove, Davisville, will take place Friday evening, September 26th. The Grove will be illuminated on the occasion by an electric light, and the public will thus be afforded an opportunity of judging the value of electricity in this connection. The dancing platform will be put in fine condition, and Church, Jones & Beebe's Band will furnish music for the evening, while W. F. Petersen will provide for the refreshment of the "inner man." Liquors will not be allowed sold on the grounds. The train will leave Sacramento at 7:30 P. M.—[Record.

CHANGE OF FIRM.—C. W. Proctor has sold his Drug Store to Messrs. Chas. Casler and A. D. Porter, and the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm name of Casler & Co. Both these gentlemen are too well known in this community to need any introduction, and we are confident that the business so successfully conducted by Mr. Proctor will not lose anything at their hands. The prescription department will be presided over by J. S. McCleary, who has long been identified with the store, and who has an enviable reputation as an experienced druggist. We hope Mr. Proctor will conclude to remain in Woodland, as he is one of our best citizens and we don't like to lose him.

BERRY ELECTED.

We are glad to announce to our readers this week that C. P. Berry is our next Congressman from this district. In telegraphing the returns, a mistake was made in those of Humboldt, but the correct returns have now been received, and Berry's majority will be about 180. As we believed last week that the Democratic candidate was defeated, we said so, and did not squeal about it, but now that we know him to be elected we shall have something to say about the means used by the Republicans to bring about his defeat.

In the first place he received the nomination of the Workingmen, but a few of the members of that party, who were controlled by the Republicans, tried to put up another man, and refused to recognize Mr. Berry as their nominee. Their trick failed, as Elliott, the gentleman who received the second nomination declined to run. After this, the Radicals connived with Denis Kearney to have McKenna's name placed on the Workingmen's ticket for the Third District, which was done, and the tickets distributed. Then the New Constitution Party Central Committee, which was controlled by men in sympathy with the National Republican party, printed thousands of New Constitution tickets with McKenna's name on, and distributed them broadcast over the district. Despite all this, Mr. Berry has been elected, though he should have received a majority of 1500 instead of 180, and would had there been no chicanery. As it is, it is the triumph of an honest man, fighting alone, over a host of political tricksters. We know that Campbell P. Berry will prove the same friend of the people while in the halls of Congress that he has been during his several terms in our State Legislature, and we congratulate the Democrats of the Third Congressional District on this, about their only real triumph.

George C. Gorham has gone to Washington. He folded his tent like the Arab, and quitely stole away, no doubt with combined feelings of humiliation and disgust. We can't blame him for being disgusted. And the only thing that appears mysterious to us is, where will George Coolie roost hereafter. The H. Bs. are defunct, the Democracy won't have him, and if the Republican party is true to any principles of dignity it will spurn him with contempt. The beasts of prey have their lairs, the birds of the air have their nests, but poor Gorham hath nowhere to lay his head. He is politically an orphan and castaway.—[Hol. Telegraph.

The Petaluma *Courier* says, in regard to the election and almost total route of the Democratic forces, that he feels like the boy whose face was badly cut up by a kick from Bromley's mule. As the boy lay in bed with his face all patched up, he asked his father if he thought he would get well. His reply was: "I think you will." "Do you think it will disfigure me, father?" "You will never be as pretty as you were my son, but you will have a damned sight more sense."

Ben Butler has been nominated by no less than three Conventions in Massachusetts, and thinks he is sure of election.

Sacramento is to have a free delivery of letters from her postoffice. It will go into effect October 1st.

A HOWL FROM IOWA.

The Republican papers of this State are now engaged in publishing extracts from the most rabid of the Southern papers, and calling attention to them as a fair expression of the feeling in the South. We have taken the following from the *Sentinel*, a Republican paper, published at Lemars, Iowa, and give it as an expression of the feeling in the North:

Now, Rutherford Burchard Hayes, President of the United States in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, counted in by Zach Chandler, and placed on the chair by Grant, taken from the gutter and seated on the throne, are you a man or a mouse? Such an opportunity as now within your grasp, comes but once in an era, and when utilized serves to mark the beginning of new epochs. Are you a game cock or a dunghill rooster, a bubble floating along on the turbulent waves of Destiny, or a master spirit evoked from the Laboring ages? A fraud or a fact? Rutherford, from your eyrie cast your eye to the Southland, from swaggering Kentucky to lying Louisiana, from chafing Carolina, across cowardly Mississippi to brutal Texas, and note the campfires of Rebellion and hate burning in the eyes of the baffled traitors who sought to destroy this Nation. Note red-handed murderers, and noon-day assassins, sitting in places of honor (providing one can conceive of an honorable place in such a land), and fanning anew the flames of treason. See there, down in Yazoo, in old Mississippi, Yazoo, the pride and glory of rebeldom, the home of cowardly cut throats, and States rights; the air of human butchers and State soveriguty; the entrenched haunt of political assassination and last ditch of State lines; the invulnerable, citadel of murder and roaring champion of State constitutions; the port cullis of treason and implacable enemy of the Nation; we say, Rutherford, look down there, take your cue (if we were sure your were a reality and not a sham, we would say inspiration instead of cue), proclaim the States of Mississippi and Louisiana in open rebellion against the nation, and declare every State of the old rebel confederacy in a state of siege. Rutherford, dare you? The man who dares not is lost, or drifts along like a maggot on a chip into the oblivion from which he should never have emerged. Thirty million loyal hearts are behind you, Rutherford, are ready to echo the first note that tells of a grand strong purpose. This is a Nation. Rutherford, dare you say it? It takes a giant to pronounce the words from the lofty eminence you occupy, a giant with lungs of leather and thews of brass. Rutherford, are you a man? Issue the proclamation. Appoint Ben Butler military Governor of the insurrectory provinces, with headquarters in Yazoo City, in old Mississippi; call an extra session of Congress; exclude therefrom every so-called Senator and Representative from the rebellious territory, and with a loyal Legislature begin the great work of molding a plastic Nation into form. This is the heroic method, and requires a hero in the van. Rutherford, we fear you are not the man on horseback. The white-winged couriers of the deep will bring HIM from the Orient, where he is now arbitrating the affairs of Empires whose history takes roots in the mists of an antiquity measured by thousands of years. Grant, the simple citizen, smoking his cigar, the statesman without an equal, the soldier without a peer, is coming, he, for whom the loyal North watches and waits.

Another Murder at San Quentin.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept, 17th.—Another savage murder was committed at the Penitentiary at San Quentin this morning. About 7 o'clock, as the prisoners were ascending the the main stairway returning from breakfast and just as they reached the head of the flight a prisoner known as "Scotty" stepped behind Smith, the Downieville stage robber, and seizing him with one hand stabbed him seven times with a large dirk knife made from a file, one of the cuts severing the jugular vein, and every one of them of a fatal character. Smith fell and died in a few minutes. The murderer has been in prison for some time and has been regarded as a dangerous character. He escaped just after the fire in the prison some two years ago and was recaptured. How he got the knife is not known.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHION ABLE MILLINRY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,

Grain Bags,

Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected took of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Make Childhood Glad.

Make childhood's day with gladness bright,
Nor check the merry laugh;
Reprove not spirits free and light
That make this joy by half.

Reprove the wrong, but not the flow
Of health and boyish fun,
Shadows enough if none fall now
Across the morning sun.

A cheerful heart with memories pure
Of home-love treasured there,
Is better than an old young heart
Life's after ills to bear.

A little gloom seems deep you know
When crossing sunny ways,
As darkly marked the shadows fall
Upon the sunniest days.

Let fall love's music in your tone,
Wear love-light on your face,
So shall your memory in his heart
Help light life's darkest place.

Handsome Scamps.

Dark-haired and dark-eyed, with something wonderful in the way of a well-trimmed and gracefully-curled moustache standing out in glossy elegance above his upper lip, dressed in the pink of what he conceives to be the fashion, low-browed, white-handed and heavy-lipped; such is often in appearance the handsome scamp. Yet, though he is thus well favored, most male critics distrust and dislike him, his beauty reminding them of the beauty of the serpent and the tiger. Indeed, the mere contemplation of his good looks is apt to put them into a bad temper. A glance at his *debonnaire* face indicates to their minds that he is likely to have great power over women of not very much force of character and clearness of vision; and they are haunted by the suspicion that he will not use that power fairly. It must be confessed that he cares very little for purity and the sanctities of home. He would just as soon make love to another man's wife as he would to a simple-minded maiden; and if he succeeds in blasting her reputation, and rendering her husband miserable, there is reason to believe that he feels quite proud of the feat which he has performed, and has the inclination to repeat it or indulge in some other of a similar character on the first opportunity. It is his delight to make conquests and then to throw them on one side, and he seemingly feels no more concern when he discards an old love than when he discards an old glove. He is always on the look out for his prey, and always shining and glossy, from his necktie to his boots, and smiling. If you are intimate with him he will not, probably attempt to disguise his aims from you. Indeed, he will, in your presence, if you give him the necessary encouragement, gloat with an almost inhuman glee over the hideous successes which he has achieved.

He will chuckle at the fact that this little fool, whom he has condescended to make enamored of him, has shed gallons of tears on his behalf, and is now at the lowest depth of misery because he will not have anything more to do with her; and he will glow with self-satisfaction as he pours into your ears a tale of some other simpleton who is so much in love with him that she would not only sacrifice her fair name for his sake, but allow him to jump upon her if he chose to take it into his head to amuse himself by doing so. It is a matter of indifference to him what becomes of his victims after they have served his purpose, and he certainly makes no effort to rescue them from deeper abysses of sin and wretchedness than those into which he has been instrumental in hurling them. He calmly leaves them to go to the devil in their own way, or to be rescued from their hopeless plight by social reformers and philanthropists. Of the mysteries of love in its nobler and more beautiful forms he has no knowledge, and he does not pretend to possess any. Women, as a class, he regards with a magnificent contempt, and he seems to hold that they are unworthy in any consideration at all, except when they happen to be beautiful of person and fascinating and graceful of manner. Though he is so anxious to charm those who please his eye, he never wearies of railing at the sex, collectively, and of indicating that they are all as bad at heart as he is himself, even though they may have indicated no disposition to do wrong in any way. Yet the silly—and generally giddy—creatures whom he works so much mischief among will not be warned against him, but in many instances prefer his attentions to those of individuals who, if less meretriciously attractive than he, frequently possess a great deal more brain power, as well as feeling and conscience, than has fallen to his share.

The handsome scamp endeavors to do nearly everything gracefully. Even when not dealing with women he is elegant according to her ideas of elegance. He may be insolent toward servants, but his insolence will be kept in countenance by his prodigality. He may be a sharper at cards and at billiards—he generally is if he gets the chance of being one—but he will swindle those who are so foolish as to play with him with grace and just as if he were conferring a favor upon them. He may diddle his tradesmen, but he invariably assumes toward those unhappy beings an air which would become the most magnificent creature in existence. He may drink too much, but he will only take his liquor in a gentlemanly manner. The one thing in which he is not elegant is his conversation. Indeed, his talk reveals that if he has a brilliant exterior he has a foul interior. His discourse is invariably more or less, principally the former, on subjects which it is not customary for refined and virtue-loving people to deal with at all; his pet stories are such as it would not be possible to print, seeing that there is in existence a society for the repression of vice; and he indicates that he is acquainted with terms of speech which a "corner man" would, in his better moments, be chary about using. His tongue, however, indicates the bent of his mind, and it therefore does some service at the same time that it offends many persons who do not pretend to be particularly squeamish. His desires are further indicated by the company which he keeps. He may be found in fast theaters, in fast music halls of the better class, and in other places in which women who are not supposed to be straight-laced mostly congregate. He does not care for Puritanical circles, the members of which are much too prone for his liking to appraise him at his right value. Somehow or other it is where the social atmosphere is vitiated, and where the women have more or less inhaled the moral poison which has been floating about, that he is most at home and appears to most advantage; in other words, is enabled to do most mischief. This, so far as it goes, is satisfactory. Still, it is to be regretted that he is tolerated and occasionally allowed to work wrong in places of which his mere presence is a pollution. Why is he not banished from these to the realms of refined blackguardism and debauchery? As we have indicated, it is not generally a difficult matter to distinguish him. When he is distinguished it ought not to be hard for honest men and women to make up their minds to treat him as he deserves to be treated. —*Home Journal.*

The Drummer Boy.

It was on the morning of September 21, 1263. Few rising suns ever shone upon a more terrible scene than that presented this morning on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The forms of hundreds of brave men lay cold and silent in death, remaining as they had fallen in the heat of the conflict, while bravely fighting. The silence of death brooded over the field, and death indeed was there in all its terror—silence rendered doubly so by the closing echoes of the terrible carnage of the past two days. The wounded had all been cared for as far as possible, and now was consigned to the survivors the solemn duty of laying to rest the last remains of their beloved comrades. There lay husbands, fathers, brothers, with no one to shed a parting tear except their sturdy companions in many a weary day of toil and bloodshed.

Suddenly there rang out upon the scene of stillness the sound of a drum, long and loud, rolled out the morning reveille, startling both men and officers, coming as it did, from the midst of where all was thought to be silent in death. The surgeon was sent to investigate. Far out among the dead he found a little drummer boy. Pale as the silent bodies around him he lay resting wearily upon his drum. The surgeon saw at a glance that all would soon be ever. Both legs had been broken by a shell, and from the mangled limbs the current of life was fast ebbing away. Strong man that he was, and used to death in all its various forms, he could not tell the boy that his sufferings would shortly end, and he turned away. Going back he requested an officer to go and break the news. The officer went to the boy, and placing his hand softly upon his shoulder said: "My boy, you are badly wounded, but you will be better soon." "I know it," answered the boy; "all night long I have lain, and God only knows my sufferings through the long weary hours; but I prayed that He would let me live to see the morning sun, that I might once more beat the reveille to summon the men to duty as I have so often done before, and He has answered my prayer."

"God is very merciful;" kindly answered the officer.

"He is always good," said the boy, "but I know what you mean by my being better soon. I am going to die, but I am not afraid of death."

"You are a brave boy," said the officer, "but why are you not afraid to die?" The boy placed his little trembling hand in his bosom and drew forth a small pocket Bible. "My mother gave me this when I left home," he answered. "She told me to read it every day, and I have done so. I know that Jesus is waiting with open arms to receive me. That is why I am not afraid to die. I want you to carry it to her, and tell her that I have obeyed her, and that I die without fear, only sorry that I could not once more see her dear face, and hear her kind, loving voice."

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.—Who of our readers has not read "'Twas the Night Before Christmas?" On the 16th of July, 1777, Clement C. Moore was born. He was a thorough scholar, and though he did not enter the ministry he pursued cognate studies and became a master of the Hebrew. In his thirtieth year he published a grammar of that language, also a complete vocabulary of the psalms, and a Hebrew and English lexicon, with notes. He was appointed a professor of Hebrew and Greek literature in the general theological seminary, and became one of its most distinguished ornaments. How strange to think that a venerable Hebrew professor should now only be remembered by the rhymes indited from childhood. Such, however, is frequently the case. Cowper, for instance, is better known as the author of "John Gilpen" than as the translator of Homer. Professor Moore's sole chance of fame is due to his Christmas effort. Being of philanthropic disposition he bequeathed a large part of the Greenwich farm to the seminary and it is this plot which it has been said was the scene of the late tragedy. The professor died fifteen years ago, at an advanced age, and the land to which reference has been made is now in the center of the city.

CHOW CHOW.—Take one peck of green tomatoes and eighteen small onions; slice both onions and tomatoes; add one-half pint white mustard seed, one-half ounce allspice, one-half ounce cloves (the spices whole), one-half dozen bell peppers (ripe) or a tablespoonful of cayenne, salt enough to season. Cover the whole with vinegar and boil two hours.

Clean oil-cloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.

Our Old Maid.

We have an old maid at our house. We keep a boarding-house; all the aristocracy keep boarding-houses in our town. Like all other old maids she is ugly, wears corkscrew curls, glasses, false teeth, and is deaf as a post; and, like all other old maids, (if we believe her) she can hear better than anybody else. Indeed, it is marvelous the small noises she can detect—noises no one else can hear but her.

The rats annoy the poor old soul beyond measure, and they occupy the third story, too, (we have wonderful rats at our house) and her room is on the first. The woman could not sleep a wink for them; many a time, at midnight, I have been roused by rappings fierce and rapid upon "my chamber door," and, opening it, would find Miss Priscilla Primm—that is our old maid's name—*sans* hair, *sans* teeth, *sans* glasses, and *sans* everything except nightgown and poker, on a hunt for help to scare off the rats. She always led the way; "she could tell from the sound where to look for them;" as for myself, I never heard them.

Once I suggested the necessity of securing the services of a "pied piper," when she angrily informed me that she never smoked at all, still less a pine pipe, and if anybody said she did such a thing they told a story.

Oh, the mistakes that woman's ears caused her to make—especially at meals, when the college students that boarded with us were present.

Miss Priscilla never once admitted her deafness—not she!—no more than she admitted her age.

We had one student who was, strange to say, exceedingly timid; that was enough for the rest. They selected him as the target for all their jokes, and most shamefully teased him with Miss Priscilla. His name was Richard, though not Cœur de Leon, by any means, and we called him, of course, Dick. I wonder if there was ever a Richard who was not called Dick?

Once we were at dinner, and one of the boldest boys said to Miss Priscilla: "Miss Priscilla, my friend, Dick, would like to have you drive with him this afternoon."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst poor Dick would not have been more frightened. The rest of us smiled, almost audibly, and breathlessly awaited the answer, wondering if it would be yes or no.

At last it came; she saw the smiling, and made her reply accordingly.

"You needn't laugh; we've had many a one right here; but they say it isn't overly good for the digestion."

Such a roar! Poor Richard retreated through the back door, and confusion, laughter, clapping of hands, and dropping of knives and forks, drowned every other sound.

Miss Priscilla was blissfully unconscious, and proceeded to peel the large onion she had imagined caused the laugh, and which was not "overly good for the digestion."

Once, when asked if she would have some chicken, she answered:

"Yes; I knew him well; been to church with him many a time."

But of all Miss Priscilla's mistakes one made at church surpassed all the rest.

The minister asked all the unconverted portion of the congregation to kneel; there were no sinners in the house, I suppose, for nobody knelt. Then he requested all those parents who had sons that were not Christians to kneel, and they would pray for those sons.

Everybody was silent, all watching to see whose son was a sinner, all waiting for some one else, when, with a flourish, a fall of something, (which proved to be a snuff-box) down went Miss Priscilla.

There was a titter, a suppressed laugh, a scramble for hats among the male portion of the assembly, and the minister smilingly rose and abruptly pronounced the benediction, while the people went out, leaving Miss Priscilla in silence and alone, praying for her unconverted son.

Most old maids have a love story; "a turned down page" in life, a leaf all stained with tears and yellowed with time and regret. Not ours! She never had a love story, or she would have told it long ago. She is simply a hard, sour, crusty old maid.

Once I fancied she had a romance, but it proved to be a false alarm. She saw me with a bunch of violets, and asked me to divide with her. I had only a few, and I wanted them; however, I gave her half, because I saw a tear in her eye when she asked for them.

I am always on the lookout for love stories, and when Miss Priscilla kissed the purple blossoms I felt sure she was, at last, going to tell me her love story. Of course the flowers were associated with some one she loved, just as mine were; and I actually trembled in anticipation of the romance.

Her next act thoroughly undeceived me. She took the dear little flowers I had hesitated to give her, laid them on a shovel, and went out, bidding me stay until she returned. After a little she came back with a powder carefully done up in paper, and told me it was made of the violets I had given her, and it was so good for corns!

I was disgusted, disappointed, shocked; and I pronounced her the hardest specimen of an old maid I ever saw.—MARGUERITE ALLEN, in *Waverley.*

Judge (to witness). "How do you know the defendant is a gentleman? Did you ever visit at his house?"

Witness. "No, Sir."

Judge. "Have you an intimate acquaintance with him?"

Witness. "No, Sir."

Judge. "Have you any acquaintance with him?"

Witness. "No, Sir."

Judge. "That is the reason he is a gentleman, I suppose."

SURE, PROMPT AND THOROUGH, are the characteristics of Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years, as a standard curative for Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and all Diseases of the Bowels; it is, besides, easily administered to children, being pleasant to the taste, and is entirely safe.

Just and Unjust.

The August number of the *Western Jurist* contains an excellent article, entitled "Legal Injustice." It appears to us that the editor of that magazine shows very little moral force when he dodges the responsibility of so sensible an article, by stating, in a foot note, that it is "published by special request."

The main object of the article is to show that in the name of law, great injustice is constantly being done to suitors before our courts. This injustice comes especially from two sources, namely, the incompetency of petit juries and the pernicious habit of practicing precedent instead of practicing law. The latter is perhaps the most fruitful of all the many means which lead to legal injustice. "The wisest, as well as the best of men, have erred"—and it is an outrage on the individual suitor to decide his case upon some point which somebody else once thought to be good law. As is suggested in this essay, "Lord Coke believed in ghosts and fairies; Sir Matthew Hale hung witches; and Lord Chancellor Elden opposed every measure of reform in law and government. The thoughts of such men are molded, and their reason is guided in accordance with the opinions of the age in which they existed." Shall we say that even law is justice, when it is founded on the mere opinions of men like these? No matter how learned they may be, in their day and generation, the light of an advancing civilization destroys the darkness of many of their theories. It teaches us that we must be guided by the fundamental principles which underlie the law, rather than by the *ipse dixit* of any man, no matter how honest or able he may have been.

The baneful effect of this influence of precedent in our courts, is shown by several illustrations. One is that "until recently jurists considered a suit for alimony as simply a tail on the kite of divorce, and not sustainable as a separate action. An Iowa justice, examining the subject, satisfied himself that the old common law rule was untenable. He embodied his objection in an Iowa decision, and the principle is now generally accepted as true." Another instance is found in the famous Dartmouth College case, in which Mr. Webster "differed from old English reports, much to the surprise of the United States Supreme Court, but he finally convinced them that he was right and that the authorities were wrong." Both these important illustrations show the occasional weakness of the opinions of even the ablest of men, and the value of independent thought.

Our jury system is perhaps more pernicious than the "precedent" habit, for it enters into every nook and corner of legal controversy. The talk of "the right of trial by jury," is the merest buncombe. We might as well talk of the right of a man to wear red trousers. It amounts to nothing, because, firstly, the average juryman is not a lawyer; and secondly, in most cases where an intelligent juryman has an opinion, he is overpowered by the ghost of a bogus idea which his comrades consider to be an opinion. Dr. Holmes must have had a jury in his mind when he wrote that there are two classes of thinkers in the world—men who think, and men who think they think. There is more truth than fun in the proverb about the one smart juror and the eleven d. f's. The brilliant advocate, who has the most success as a jury lawyer and the least before the higher courts, is generally a friend of the d. f. The immense labors of our Supreme Courts, even though they labor by precedent, show that the petit jury is not a safe ruler. The right side of a controversy is safer in the hands of one upright, intelligent, independent judge than in the hands of any party of mere listeners. *Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other day a Boston firm advertised for a book-keeper; the next day's mail brought 347 answers. One advertisement for a clerk in the *Free Press* last month brought the first day 130 applications, and a greater number of letters and personal applications next day. An advertisement for a week in a Detroit paper for a good carpenter brought only four replies. The moral of this is obvious. Young man, learn a trade.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

The Influence of Climate.

The influence of climate upon a constitution subjected to a trying change in atmospheric conditions, in water, and in food, is often marked and disastrous. Disorders of the bowels and of the liver, frequently terminating fatally, are prone to attack the tourist by land or voyager by sea in unaccustomed latitudes—more particularly those near the equator. The best medicinal protection against irregularities of the bowels, stomach and liver, not only from the above, but whatever cause arising, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine in wide and increasing demand in sultry portions of this hemisphere, and also in the tropics. Travelers, emigrants, dwellers and temporary sojourners in malarious districts use it very extensively as a safeguard.

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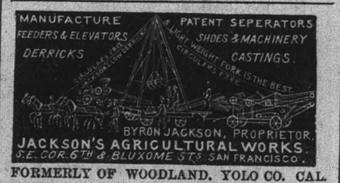

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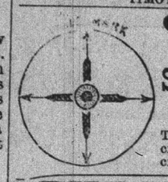

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THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

TESTIMONIALS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 187.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 27, 1879.

Gentlemen:

I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, *Pruritus*, the other an *Eczema*. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,

W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
126 O'Farrell St.

To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gents:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., S. F

Old English Travel.

But this difficulty of travel and liability to be detained long on the road were cheered by good inns, such as did not exist in the world elsewhere. All the literature of the period reflects lovingly the home-like delights of these comfortable houses of entertainment. Every little village boasted an excellent inn, and in the towns on the great thoroughfares were sumptuous houses that would accommodate from two to three hundred guests, with their horses. The landlords were not tyrants, as on the Continent, but servants of their guests; and it was, says Harrison, a world to see how they did contend for the entertainment of their guests; as about fineness and change of linen, furniture and bedding, beauty of rooms, service at the table, costliness of plate, strength of drink, variety of wines, or well-using of horses. The gorgeous signs at their doors sometimes cost forty pounds. The inns were cheap, too, and the landlord let no one depart dissatisfied with his bill. The worst inns were in London, and the tradition has been handed down. But the ostlers, Harrison confesses, did sometimes cheat in the feed, and they with the tapsters and chambermaids were in league (and the landlord was not always above suspicion) with ni highwaymen outside, to ascertain if the traveler carried any valuables; so that when he left the hospitable inn he was quite likely to be stopped on the highway and relieved of his money.

The highwayman was a conspicuous character. One of the most romantic of these gentry at one time was a woman, named Mary Frith, born in 1585, and known as Moll Cut-Purse. She dressed in male attire, was an adroit fencer, a bold rider, and a staunch royalist; she once took two hundred gold jacobuses from the parliamentary General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. She is the chief character in Middleton's play of the "Roaring Girl;" and after a varied life as a thief, cut-purse, pickpocket, highwayman, trainer of animals, and keeper of a thieves' "fence," she died in peace at the age of seventy.

To return to the inns, Fyner Morrison, a traveler in 1617, sustains all that Harrison says of the inns as the best and cheapest in the world, where the guest shall have his own pleasure. No sooner does he arrive than the servants run to him; one takes his horse; another shows him his chamber and lights his fire; a third pulls off his boots. Then come the host and hostess to inquire what meat he will choose, and he may have their company if he like. He shall be offered music while he eats, and if he be solitary the musicians will give him good day with music in the morning. In short, "a man cannot more freely command at home, in his own house, than he may do in his inn."

Intelligence Items.

London has 221 Baptist churches.

The South has 798,862 Episcopal Methodists.

The French Republicans are afraid of the Jesuits.

Texas ranks third among the wool growing States.

The population of Texas is estimated at 1,926,496.

Texas pays annually $500,000 interest on her State debt.

Tomb Thumb is showing himself in New England towns.

Coal has been discovered in South Carolina, near Augusta.

The South Carolina sea-island cotton crop promises a good yield.

There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The rooms which Washington Irving occupied in the Alhambra are preserved almost as he left them, and a hotel in the gardens is called by his name.

It is little wonder that Memphis people flee from the yellow fever. That terrible scourge has killed 21,000 people in this country within the past ten years. Of this number 14,000 died last year.

Strange as it may appear it is said that many tramps are moving on Memphis to share free food and possible plunder. If there is anything human that the yellow fever is afraid of it must be a thoroughly filthy tramp.

Keith Johnson, the leader of the expedition to explore the head of Lake Nyassa, died at Berobero, 130 miles inland from Daressalaam. The expedition will be continued by Mr. Thompson, the scientific assistant of Mr. Johnson.

A letter from Abyssinia states that the treaty of peace between King John, of Abyssinia, and the Khedive of Egypt has never been signed by the former. The king has ordered 15,000 men to take possession of various districts.

A missionary in India, named Narayan Sheshadri, has caused a church to be built on a hill near Jabra, by native Christian masons and carpenters, who originally were thieves by profession. In addition to becoming Christians they have learned their trades.

A Saint Paul *Pioneer Press* correspondent reports the discovery of rich mineral veins in the Northern Light lake region, on the northern shore of Lake Superior, supposed to be a continuation of the wonderfully productive veins on Silver Islet. Three veins were exposed fourteen feet below the surface, and the specimens assay $49 in gold and $57 in silver per ton.

President Chadbourne, of Williams College, is to have charge, during the next two years, as editor-in-chief, of a work on the "Wealth of the United States," which is to be published in half a dozen different languages. It will be distributed by the United States consuls and is designed to direct attention to everything that this country has to sell. An association of capitalists have contributed $50,000 toward the undertaking.

Mr. Gladstone's budgets used to average $355,000,000 a year. Lord Beaconsfield's budgets average $420,000,000 a year. The Liberal leader left office with a surplus of $60,000,000. The Tory leader has already a heavy deficit.

A Wonderful Clock.

A young jeweler residing in North High street, in Columbus, O., has conceived the idea of a centennial clock, which promises to be one of the most wonderful structures of this kind that has been on exhibition of late years. It has the following indications: Geographical time, Greenwich and Washington; local time, sun time, and Strasburg time; the length of days and nights; sunrise and sunset; the hour and minute when each occurs; the day of the week and the day of the month; phases of the moon, her position in the zodiac, the seasons, equinoxes, solstices, tides, eclipses and constellations. The earth in perihelion and aphelion is also shown, and by a little contrivance the time can easily be told in any part of the globe, land or sea. This ingenious piece of mechanism is embellished with a series of colossal figures, and representations emblemetic of the principal events wrought in American history during the past century, first of which are Youth and Age, representing the commencement and close of time. Upon each side of the general structure is the tower of Fame, emblematic of olden times and the spirit which governed them, and the anchor of hope, all of which have crumbled into dust.

Youth, reluctant to look on them as fit objects of his ambition, fixes his eyes on the American Capitol as the goal of his aspiration. On the other side is disappointed Age leaning upon his staff, bowing as he makes his appearance, the tower of his ambition crumbled, amidst the fragments of which is seen the anchor of hope beyond the grave. On top of each tower is a colossal figure of Justice and the Goddess of Liberty. The first quarter of the hour is indicated by the foregoing and the dawn of the American Republic, which is represented by a walking man, for such he really is, setting forth Washington, the leading spirit of the age, in continental costume, walking across the stage as if deep meditation, and on the right hand side, in front of the tower, is Independence Hall with its steeple, and the old sexton, rope in hand, ready, whenever the signal is given, to ring the bell and spread the glad news of the Declaration of Independence throughout the length and breadth of the land; all this being set in motion and working in perfect harmony, it is remarkable the grace with which the walking man moves his limbs. The second quarter of the hour is intended to show the progress of our country, and is represented by a miniature locomotive, beautifully executed, all parts being complete in detail and as bright as a dollar, moving along the base, during which the clock discourses beautiful music.

The third quarter is indicated by the miniature Strasburg clock, which is truly wonderful in itself, having the entire characteristics of the original, all set in motion, showing the twelve apostles bowing to the Savior as each passes along, etc. This, along with the Goddess of Industry striking the anvil and balancing the scales of Justice, by stretching the industry side of the beam, is made to represent the arts and sciences. The fourth quarter is indicated by the presence of Lincoln, holding in his hand the Proclamation of Emancipation, and presenting it to a slave bound to the auction block, who, on realizing its contents, throws up his hands in gratitude for his release from bondage, his shackles having fallen off and the aution block turned over, when Father Time, in the shape of a skeleton bearing a scythe, takes his flight across the stage, thus closing the scene.

Patching Clothes.

If you wish to patch with skill and neatness, bear in mind that the patch must be rectangular. A round or a "crooked" one will inevitably thrust itself into notice, as it is impossible to match the threads. Then a patch should never be "laid on," but always "set in."

To this end first cut away carefully by a thread all that is in the least worn, and turn back and baste down an even seam all around. The corners may be slashed slightly in a diagonal direction to keep them square. Then to this opening fit the patch exactly, with the edges turned and basted, and sew it in "over and over" on the wrong side with thread of the precise shade and very fine, sewing alternate opposite sides to avoid trouble with the corners.

The extra thickness caused by the folded corners of the patch itself should be cut out after sewing, and a little fine darning added to keep them secure. Now slightly dampen and press on the wrong side, and you have a neat piece of mending which cannot be seen a few feet away. Figures and striped goods must, of course, be matched; heavy woolen goods, such as men and boys wear, need not have the seams turned, the clean-cut edge being strong enough to hold.

How to Keep from Being Robbed.—"Another burglary on my square last night," said old Dr. Willis, while dining with his partner the other evening. "For my own part, I'm tired of paying taxes for the privilege of being robbed. I don't really see how the police can help arresting some thieves now and then, if only by accident, unless, indeed, the police are the burglars themselves. How is it that you are never robbed, Joe?"

"Simplest thing in the world. All you need is a little knowledge of human nature. Now, I'll bet there are three or four policeman in this house at the present moment. Let's go and see."

And Joe led the way down into the the basement and the company peeped through the kitchen door. Sure enough, there sat four officers. One was fixing the fire, one was picking chickens, while the other two were shelling peas and singing a chorus from "Pinafore."

"Well, I'm blessed!" said old Willis, "how do you manage it?"

"Easy as rollinff off a log. I keep a pretty servant-girl."—*London Court Circular.*

Morning dresses were never prettier and more stylish, and they are seen to best advantage at Newport when the ladies, like De Hass in the "Big Bonanza," have a new suit for every three hours in the day.

The Need of Practical Education.

For future business men, says a writer in the Springfield *Republican*, less Latin and Greek and more French and German; for future wives and mothers less Latin and Greek and more cooking and practical knowledge in every way. There is more real practice of good cooking and serving of food among the daughters of the rich than there is among the daughters of our great middle class. It is recognized that a woman must understand all the branches commonly known as "woman's work," no matter what she intends to be in the world. If she is to have the control of servants she needs her knowledge quite as much as if she is to do "her own work" all her life. This knowledge can seldom be given at home, because although there are no people in the world so comfortable in circumstances as the Americans, there are none who live, so far as their tables are concerned, at once so expensively and unwholesomely. The want of knowledge necessary to give good cooking is a serious evil. No one thing troubles physicians so much in their practice as the inability of a wife and mother to cook plain food well. How many women of twenty years old who read this article can make a really appetizing bowl of gruel, or a loaf of bread raised with brewer's yeast, and not a soda or yeast powder abomination? Not long ago a woman talking over family affairs with her physician pleaded poverty.

"My husband earns only sixty dollars a month—there is my husband and myself and our little girl; I have a son, but he earns wages and pays his board."

"And you can't live on sixty dollars a month?"

The answer was:. "Our grocer's bill alone is forty dollars—how can we?"

"Gracious!" said the doctor—one of our best physicians—"my grocer's bill isn't so much as that?"

In talking it over he found that they had pie, cake and doughnuts every day, and for this horrible food they needed a great deal of butter—the most costly item in the grocer's list—as well as a great deal of sugar.

The hard times have shown how rare is the ability to sew well. Here is one instance: A woman was applied to for work and gave it gladly. The applicant was a Springfield girl who years ago attended the high school. Her story was pitiful and common enough; she was the daughter of a well-to-do mechanic, and had married; her husband had deserted her, leaving her with two children. She said with tears, "If I only had a trade—if I had only learned tailoring, as my sister, I could have plenty of work now, but mother always wanted me to teach." She was asked, "Why don't you?" "I can't, I never did like to study; I only done it 'cause they wanted me to home, and I was going to get married anyhow. I never knew the first thing when I was married, and he said I never could cook fit to eat." She certainly couldn't sew; her work was brought home and paid for—and picked out again. Her family being unable to help her, the poor woman drifted away. Wouldn't a cooking school have helped her? Perhaps with better food "he" might have stayed at home, and she, with more knowledge, would have spent her money to better advantage and have had better food for her babies and herself than doughnuts, hot soda biscuits and tea three times a day.

The Wrong Orator.

The actual ignorance of some people is surpassed by their *ideal* ignorance. The innocent passenger who saw and heard the boiler burst during his first steamboat ride, and supposed it was only part of the regular performance, was not more obtuse than the woman who "heard Dr. Bacon" last Decoration Day. The New Haven *Register* gives her account of him:

It was nearly sundown, as wearily she walked into the house, settled herself on the sofa, and began swinging her palmleaf fan to cool her heated brow. "Well, I got well paid for going down to the green. I'd no idea that Dr. Bacon was ever out among the Indians."

"Well," said her husband, "he never was to any great extent, I guess."

"Well, he said so, anyhow. I should think he ought to know something about it."

"Why, Miranda, you must be mistaken. Dr. Bacon has lived in New Haven forever, almost."

"I guess I heard what he said, and wasn't it interesting, though? Why, when he was a boy, he ran away from home in the dead of the night, stole one of his father's horses, and before sunrise he was a hundred miles away, and had joined the Cheyennes. That's what he said, and I'll believe him before I will you."

"Now, now, you must have heard with your elbows. Dr. Bacon never stole his father's horse. Why, bless your soul, he's a minister! He isn't a horse-thief."

"And he lived with the Indians eight years, until they fought the whites, and then he went back home, and found his mother and father scalped on the cabin floor, and he said on his bended knees, with his bowie knife uplifted, that he would kill Indians the rest of his natural life."

"Oh, fudge! you are 'way off the track. The whole story is impossible. Why, I know something about the doctor myself; he—"

"And he has kept that vow, and has got forty scalps in his trunk at the hotel, that he took with his own hand. Why, I'd no idea he had such interesting experiences."

"Where was Dr. Bacon when he told all this?"

"Why, right on the side-walk, and there was a big crowd listening to him, almost breathless. He was so eloquent."

"Oh, I see," said Jeremiah, as a sudden light flashed across his mind. "You was listening to the wrong man. That was a silver-polish peddler, telling a big yarn to draw the people together. Dr. Bacon was speaking over on the stand in the center of the green."

No soul stands without any disguise; there is always a veil, however transparent, between it and the rest of the world.

The Public Bath.

It may be a little late in the season to agitate the question of public baths, although no time should be too late or too early to speak a good word for a good thing. In fact, a public thing so manifestly good as a public bath ought to need no agitation in a civilized community. But we of the west are so busy with business that we seldom stop to think of comfort, or even health. We need to be punched very often to make us take proper care of ourselves. We do not consider that many things of which we are accustomed to think as luxuries are really necessities; and that many of our so-called neceisities are mere luxuries. For instance, more than half our people really believe that one full bath in a week is sufficient for all healthful purposes; yet these same people would howl if they could not have sugar every day. The man who never eats butter has the advantage, "when the laugh comes in," over him who cannot be satisfied with salt on his potatoes.

These remarks are not intended for people who are sufficiently wealthy to afford private baths, except so far as they give them a hint of their duty toward their less fortunnte neighbers. The duty is to encourage the establishment of public baths, with living water.

Every town, great or small, which has a stream of water four feet deep, (and how many towns have not?) should have its bath house, immediately in the stream, where the water can flow through it. It could easily be so arranged that no actual impurities could pass through it. These baths should be free. The cost of maintaining them would be so slight that the public taxation therefor would amount to almost nothing. The rich man who pays one dollar a year for their support, could afford to have his private bath room at home, and the poor man who pays five cents could afford to be clean. On a close pinch a human being can keep decently clean by the external use of a quart of water a day, skillfully applied with the aid of a sponge or rag. This may do for travelers on the sands of Sahara. The poorest citizens has a right to an abundance of fresh air. Pure water bears the same relation to fresh air that cleanliness does to godliness. He who would be honest and decent must be nicely washed.

The next step in this progress toward public cleanliness, is to teach the people of all classes that the constant use of the bath is almost as much a necessity as the constant use of food. None are in their best physical condition without it. One ounce of common sense ought to teach that to anybody.

No nation was ever more celebrated for its physical health and hardiness than the old Romans. Their chief personal duty and delight was personal cleanliness. The ruins of their baths are the wonders of the world to-day. The strict discipline of cleanliness, and the plain effect of filth in our prisons, asylums, and other public institutions where many people are crowded together, proves the necessity of this habit.

The laws of all well-regulated towns prohibit bathing in the open air and in daylight. This is perfectly proper. Ordinary decency requires it. But it is no more than just that this law should be offset by the establishment of places where all sorts and conditions of men can avail themselves of this great necessity. In our own midst, another season should not be allowed to pass without them. To every reader of the *Hawkeye*, in whatever town or city he may live, we commend to him an earnest consideration of his duty as a good citizen to encourage projects of free public baths as one of the means to be resorted to to decrease the mortality rate.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Largest Workshop in the World.

The last annual report of the establishment of Krupp, of Essen, Germany, gives some interesting facts and figures. The manufacture of cast steel and refined steel alone employs two hundred and ninety-eight steam engines, seventy-seven large steam hammers, and eight thousand five hundred men. It turns out daily ten miles of rails, with a corresponding amount of wheels, springs, axles, and all the complete steel work for the railroad carriages. This is Krupp's main contribution to the art of peace; what he does for the art of war is shown by the fact that he completes three hundred large cannon every month, and since 1847 he has turned out over fifteen hundred cannon. The establishment is lighted np every night with twenty-one thousand gas-burners; its different parts are connected with thirty-seven miles of railway, employing twenty-four locomotives and seven hundred cars, while the various offices are connected by forty-four telegraph stations. In the mineral works and coal mines outside belonging to the firm, they employ five thousand three hundred workmen; for the forges seven hundred workmen. They have built three thousand two hundred and seventy-seven dwelling houses, which are occupied by the workmen and their families, which number over sixteen thousand persons, and form a small town, with twenty-two stores for groceries, meats, clothes, furniture, and similar daily needs. Messrs. Krupp have provided for the education of the children of their workmen by four primary schools, divided into twenty-one classes, an industrial school for girls, and a school for adult women, all attended by thousands of learners, and provided with the best kind of teachers, who, according to the German system, teach the things to be known and understood, and not merely lessons from books.

Bank of England notes are very simple-looking pieces of paper, compared with the elaborately-engraved bills of this country. It would seem that the Bank of England notes could be easily counterfeited; yet this is rarely done. No two of them are exactly alike. The printing is done by a method known only to the inventor, and the paper is manufactured by a process which has been in charge of the Portal family for two hundred years. No notes are ever re-issued after being paid back into the bank, but are periodically destroyed. A seven-years' collection of these on one occasion aggregated $15,000,000,000.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....SEPT. 20, 1879

Bret Hart's Boorishness.

Mr. Harte was born forty years ago in Albany, where he passed his boyhood without any special promise of future genius. The discovery of gold in California was followed by a wave of emigration from all the States east of the Rocky mountains, and Bret Harte was caught by this wave and carried in 1854 to the new El Dorado. He tried his hand at mining, at school teaching and other employments, but with no conspicuous success, and finally drifted to San Francisco. Before leaving New York he had worked as a printer, and accordingly sought employment in the office of the *Golden Era*, which was then a flourishing weekly devoted to news, stories, humorous sketches and others matters calculated to interest the Californian. While working at the printer's case he found time to write some sketches drawn from his experience in the mining regions, and with trembling hesitation he submitted one of them to the editor. This latter personage was a bluff, hearty, genial diamond in the rough. He is now living at Fushing near New York city, and one of his proudest boasts is that he conducted the paper that brought out Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The editor read the sketch, saw its merit and said: "Your place is in the editorial room not at the case." It was not without difficulty that Mr. Harte was induced to surrender the composing stick for the pen, but he succeeded and the new writer was duly installed and began work. He found the same trouble then that he has since experienced—the impossibility of writing regularly and writing well. He could not furnish a first-rate sketch to order any more than he could execute a commission to charter ten steamships of the tonnage of the Great Eastern. He continued to write for the *Golden Era* and for other papers on the Pacific Coast. He received in 1864 the appointment of Secretary of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco, and retained it about six years. When the *Overland Monthly* was founded in 1868 he became its editor and principal contributor. The popularity which his stories obtained through the Eastern States induced him to quit California and seek a residence on the Atlantic Coast, and so in the course of time he crossed the Sierras and made his way towards the rising sun.

The diffidence which is part of Mr. Harte's character is shown in a little incident of this Eastern journey. There then existed in Chicago a magazine known as the *Lakeside Monthly*, and many of the enterprising merchants of that flourishing city were desirous of inducing Mr. Harte to assume the editorial control of the publication. When it was known that he was on his way Eastward they determined to entertain him, and accordingly arranged a public dinner on a grand scale. The Mayor and leading citizens, with their wives and daughters, were to be there, and the dinner was intended to fill a bright page in the history of Chicago. The invitations were given and accepted, and for several days little was talked of except the forthcoming banquet. The party assembled at the appointed hour; the dinner was ready, and so were the diners. But the guest came not, and when a carriage was sent to seek him he could not be found. Mr. Harte was allowed to prosecute his journey without further efforts at his detention. His objection to be lionized cost him on that occasion no less a sum than $10,000; a check for that amount had been made out as a present, a bit of backsheesh which might add to the inducements to remain in Chicago, though it involved him in no obligation whatever. It was lying under his plate, and would have proved an agreeable *zakushka*, the little appetizer which the Russians swallow before the soup is served.—[London World, Aug. 13th.

A Dutchman's Decision.

A New York Dutchman settled a theologial dispute between a Christain and an infidel the other day in a very practial, off-hand way. The former had based his arguments on the bible and expressed his belief in God as the Creator of all things and in Christ as the Savior or the world. The latter swore by Darwin's "Descent of Man," Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" and his book on "The Gods." They laid their creed and books before the beer-drinking Teuton who declared that his religion was to eat, drink and be merry, and he did not care about any other. Then taking up the infidel's book on "The Gods," he asked who was the auther?

"Bob Ingersoll," was the answer.

"Where does he live?"

"Peoria, Ill."

Taking up the New Testament, he asked the name of its author, and was answered:

"Jesus Christ."

"Where does He live?"

"In Heaven."

Then, turning to the infidel, he said, "You be governed by de book on 'de gods,' and ven you die you go to Bob Ingersoll, Peoria, Ill." And to the Christian, "You be governed by de New Testament, and ven you die you go to Jesus Christ in Heaven."

A dying bequest is almost a dead give-away.

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